E $1.00

AUGUST 31, 1979

angered Species:
HE BOOK OF
OMMON PRAYER

NATIONAL REVIEW

APPOMATTOX NORTH CAROLINA

- Victors' Justice by HEW

DOWN & OUT IN THE U.S. EMBASSY

- Russian Christians in the Catacombs

FAIRY TALES BY 'JUSTICE'

The New, Authorized Edition

BROOKHISER

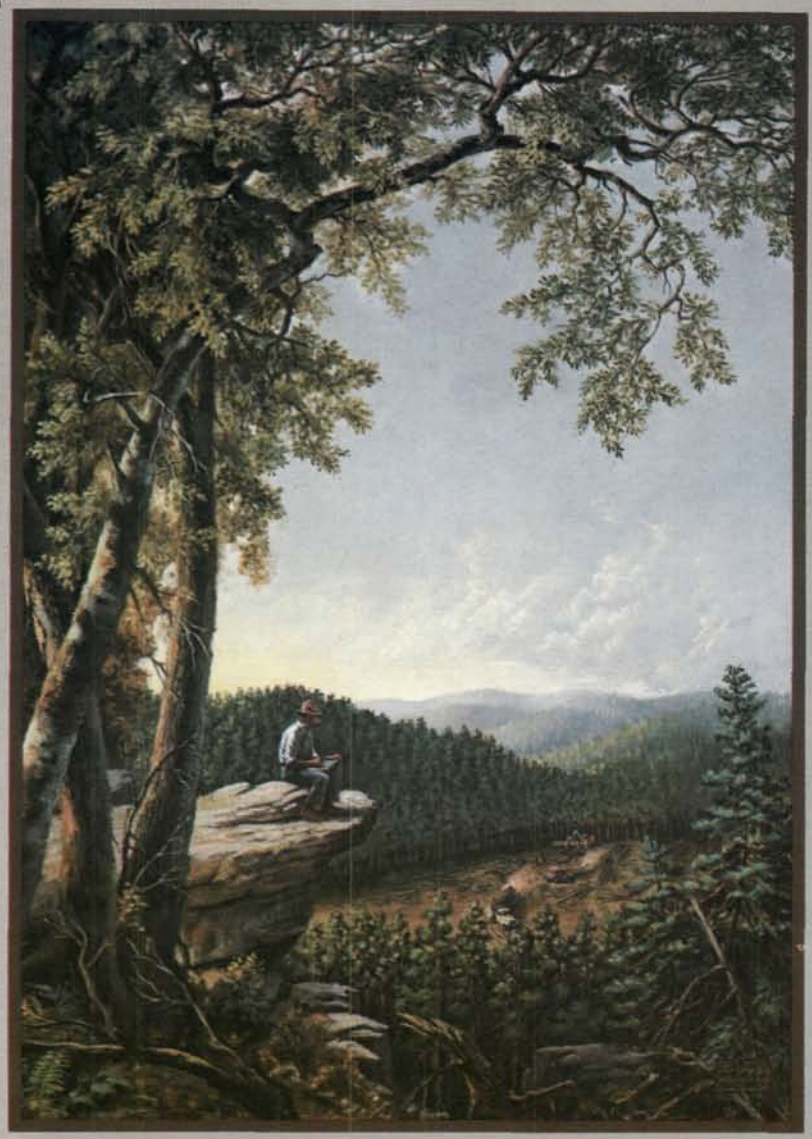
LYNCH

CONDER – Also, NR's Rockettes

M SMTH779R- 026 7918 - 1 42 -
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trees. Cash crop or natural monument?



If you're like most of us, the question splits your mind.

One side sees trees as beautiful, living things, while the other sees them as a crop that yields needed jobs and useful products.

Clearly, they are both. Some of them should be left alone. Others should be farmed. And therein lies a paradox.

The best way to leave the greatest number of trees to nature is to intensify the farming of the rest.

Farming trees is no different than farming wheat. Board feet per acre or bushels per acre, productivity is crucial. That's why we use scientific farming techniques to breed, sow, grow and harvest our trees.

As a result, we expect to double the yields from our southern timberlands by the turn of the century, and to boost them 15-20% elsewhere by 1985.

If we're successful, we can provide needed jobs, wood and paper products and thriving trees.

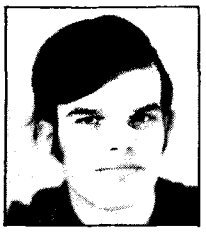
Reason enough to try, don't you think?

Boise Cascade Corporation
A company worth looking at.

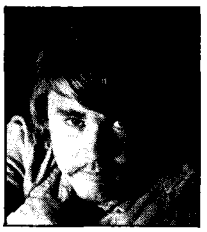
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

AUGUST 31, 1979
VOL. XXXI, No. 35
ISSN: 0028-0038



BROOKHISER
Page 1084



CONDER
Page 1087

OLIVER
Page 1090

LYNCH
Page 1091

SOBRAN
Page 1098

BRIDGES
Page 1104

ARTICLES

1082 **Commonwealth Impediment**
The Empire is long gone, and with it all traces of the effective solidarity on which the Commonwealth depended.
Brian Crozier

1084 **Colonel Shaw v. North Carolina**
North Carolina used to co-operate meekly with desegregation orders—it had no Orval Faubus or George Wallace. Still, its schools, white and black, retained their own proud traditions and characters. Which, for a time, was all right by Washington. Then came the NAACP, the Carter Administration, HEW, and Joe Rauh. *Richard Brookhiser*

1087 **Subversive Nature of Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes**
An excerpt from a secret Justice Department memorandum on the pernicious and illegal tendencies implicit in the literature our children are exposed to. *R. L. Conder*

1090 **Counting the Sheep**
Polls of Episcopalians reveal that the rank-and-file in the pews are still nuts about the ancient ways. *Daniel Oliver*

1091 **Down and Out in the American Embassy**
A family of Russian Pentecostal Christians, after decades of persecution and death, have taken refuge in our embassy in Moscow. They have been there over a year, but now the Soviets want them returned. Our diplomats appear all too willing to sacrifice them to the spirit of detente.
Kevin Lynch

1096 **That Monstrous DOE**
Both Houses of Congress have now voted to establish a Department of Education, an act of folly penetrated even by the *Washington Post*. *Russell Kirk*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

1098 **Priest Bites Bishop**
James Hitchcock gives a Burnhamesquely brilliant analysis of the ferment in contemporary Catholicism. *M. Joseph Sobran*

1100 **Cassandra off the Mark**
Arthur Liebman's *Jews and the Left* is excellent, up to a point, beyond which it is woefully inadequate. *Jonathan D. Sarna*

1103 **Looking into the Void**
William Styron's new one is a kinky conceit about the Holocaust. *David Evanier*

1104 **His Life and Art**
Nabokov's life *was* art, and he enriched both his native tongues. *Linda Bridges*

1105 **Mission to the World**
Edgar Tafel recalls his years as *Apprentice to Genius*, the genius being Frank Lloyd Wright. *Selden Rodman*

1106 **Blues, Jeans, and All That Djazz**
Paul Anka, Frank Sinatra, Thelonius Monk, Mahalia Jackson—all were "jazz" to the cultural criminals in the Soviet Union who surreptitiously admired them. Their admirers included even state interrogators.
Aleksandr Dimov

1108 **Minor League Ball**
In every man's life comes that awful moment when he realizes that athletes are his juniors. It's worst for the athlete himself.
D. Keith Mano

1065 **Letters**
1068 **For the Record**
1070 **The Week**
1088 **Help**
1109 **Dark Horses**
1112 **On the Right**
1114 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

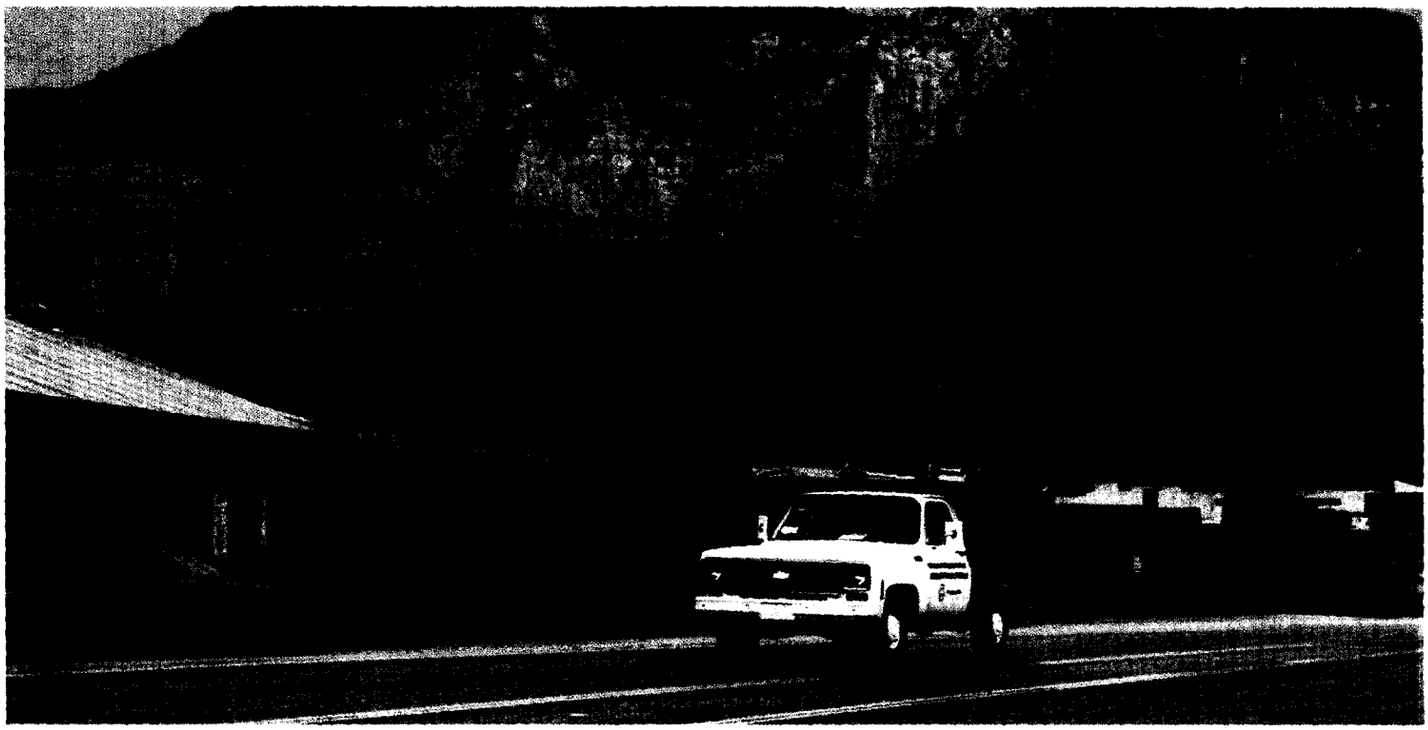
NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for one issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc., 1979. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$38.00 a year ($21.00 for the 48-page issues, and $17.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK CITY AND SEDONA, ARIZONA HAVE ONE IMPORTANT THING IN COMMON.

THE LATEST BELL SYSTEM TECHNOLOGY.



One example of Bell System technology working for you is electronic switching.

Bell designed an electronic switching system especially for small towns. So the people in Sedona get the same sophisticated phone service as people in big cities like New York.

Roy Ronan is the Bell System man in charge of Sedona's electronic switching system.

Electronic switching handles your calls more efficiently than other systems. And it makes your telephone a more versatile, useful instrument. For example, if you're already talking, the phone beeps at you to let you know there's another call waiting.

Or you can set your home phone so that your incoming calls "follow" you around town.

If you want to talk to two people at once, three-way calling lets you do just that. And, to reach the people you call frequently, you can program your phone so that you just push two numbers to make the call.

With electronic switching, your calls can follow you wherever you go.

Electronic switching. Bell Labs designed it. Western Electric custom-builds it.

For big cities and small towns alike.

Bell System

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*
William A. Rusher *Publisher*
James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
Richard Brookhiser
James Burnham / Jeffrey Hart
M. J. Sobran
Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*

Executive Editors
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
Chilton Williamson Jr.
(Books, Arts, & Manners)

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributing Editors
Ruth Berenson / W. H. von Dreele
M. Stanton Evans / Neal B. Freeman
Ernest van den Haag
Norman B. Hannah / Nika Hazelton
James Jackson Kilpatrick
D. Keith Mano
William F. Rickenbacker
Francis Russell / John Simon

Associates
Carol Baker
Paul Gigot / Carol B. Learsy
Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker Sobran
Timothy J. Wheeler

Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*
Robin Wu *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.
Classified Director
Ione Whitlock

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / David Brudnoy
John Chamberlain / Jack Chatfield
Samuel T. Cohen / Miles Copeland
John R. Coyne Jr. / Victor Gold
John Greenway / Donald Hall
Henry Hazlitt
John Kiley / Nicholas King
Suzanne La Follette / Mary Martínez
Forrest McDonald / Vincent Miller
Ferdinand Mount / George Nash
Gerhart Niemeyer / Daniel Oliver
Joseph A. Rehyansky
Alan Reynolds / Morrie Ryskind
Taki Theodoracopulos
Ralph de Toledano / S. L. Varnado
Charles Wallen Jr. / George F. Will
Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*
Robert S. Strother *Cuernavaca*

*

Letters

Glory Seekers

Mr. William Cheshire ["The Imperial Press," Aug. 17] is correct: some journalists have become bloated with an exaggerated sense of their own importance—a not too surprising phenomenon.

Intrinsic to the journalist's endeavor is the possibility of attaining glory, either by telling all of the available truth about large issues or by selecting and manipulating it to enhance his standing in certain mainstreams of opinion—that is, to rig the game, determining ahead of time who are the good guys and who are the bad guys. He ought to be restrained, however, from yielding to the latter alternative, by a sense of professional duty to the public trust.

After all, the members of the Fourth Estate are unregulated by the constitutional checks and balances equilibrating the three branches of the Federal Government. They can really only be regulated by internal checks and balances—duty preferably; or, failing that, fear induced by the public's reaction to their insolences. If the members of the press are sometimes "naughty and indifferent," as Mr. Cheshire puts it, abdicating their responsibility to tell the straight truth, then we can hope that public opinion will have the same terminal effect on their job security as it is having on El Presidente's.

Justin O. G. Roper
Santa Fe, N.M.

Render unto Caesar

Dean Griswold was undoubtedly correct in the remark quoted by Senator Moynihan ["Private Schools and the First Amendment," Aug. 3] that interpretations of the First Amendment requiring complete separation of religion and public activity are "sheer invention."

By chance I happened to be reading at the time of the arrival of the August 3 issue the state papers of William H. Taft, and came across a passage of a speech he delivered in October 1909. He was then President, of course, but had been a United States Circuit Judge and was later to be Chief Justice of the United States. The occasion was the acceptance by Taft on behalf of the United States Army of a chapel given by the city of San Antonio to Fort Sam Houston located in that city. Taft said in part:

"We do not unite officially under our Constitution Church and State, and sometimes it has been supposed that indicates a coldness on the part of our government toward religion, and morality based on religion. You know and I know that nothing is further from the truth, but that the government does depend and rest on morality and religion and is anxious in every way possible, except the selection of a particular religion and making it a State religion, to encourage religion and morality in every department, and among all its peoples."

Taft was a great judge—in the judicial sense. Judges who have aroused admiration in some quarters are men who effected legislative policies in the guise of judicial decisions construing the somewhat general language of the Constitution—or purporting to construe it. As Dean Griswold succinctly said, in the case of the First Amendment, it has been sheer invention.

This time the American people recognize the Supreme Court for what it is—a body which has usurped the legislative power granted by the Constitution exclusively to Congress.

C. Dickerman Williams
Norfolk, Conn.

Conservatives should reject Senator Moynihan's or any other plan to provide federal aid to private religious schools. Sooner or later federal aid would be followed by federal controls. How long will it be before federal aid forces religious schools to give up religious instruction, group prayer, and religious selection of faculty? Moynihan's method for getting federal aid would reduce the area of freedom from government control.

Kim Yelton
Ft. Mitchell, Ky.

Daniel Moynihan wants to push Caesar and Christ into an obscene embrace. Had Moynihan grown up in Europe, as I did, he might have learned an important lesson—that entangling church and state diminishes religious liberty and devitalizes religion.

Gioele Settembrini
Annapolis, Md.

Liturgical Dispute

It was with extreme dismay that I noted D. Keith Mano's ["I Leave the Episcopal Church," July 20] characterization of all Episcopal priestesses as "dikes" and "media-ordained lesbians." While the misuse of ordination by unbalanced publicity-seekers (of any gender) certainly should bother Mr. Mano, it bothers me for the additional reason that the few of these who are vociferous lesbians only serve to discredit those devout women who actually *do* have a calling. Many female

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom to change, Brady style

BRADY

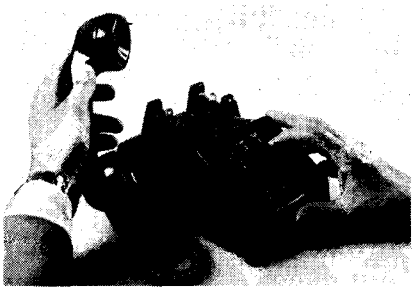
™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

Despite the many ways government at all levels increasingly intrudes in our business and personal lives, we still enjoy more freedom than most of the rest of the world.

Like *freedom to change,* just as Brady has recently done with its own corporate identity. In order to make businessmen more clearly aware of who we are, and what we do, two steps have been taken.

• First, development of a new corporate signature, logo, symbol and slogan. You see it above, and you'll soon be seeing it in our ads, packaging, letterheads, signs, and calling cards.

• Second, a colorful new corporate brochure that tells you who we are, how we got started and what we make, and where we make and sell it. We'll be pleased to send you a copy.



Brady LiteTouch™ low voltage membrane switches combine contemporary graphics and solid state electronic technology in a sealed package. Just one of many innovative Brady products for industry and business. Perhaps you'll see a place to put Brady to work in your company as you review our new corporate brochure.

WBC-6

BRADY

™ ADHESIVE AND GRAPHICS CHEMISTRY

W. H. BRADY CO.
727 W. Glendale Avenue
P. O. Box 571, Milwaukee, WI 53201

ministers are married, some to othe ministers; such couples share pastorship of some churches.

As for the 1928 Episcopal prayer bool it is still in use at many churches, som of which alternate between the old an new liturgies.

Mr. Mano might be pleased to lear that the Episcopal Church at Yale ha within the decade, gone from what on long-time member described as "strob light and electronic music liturgies" to us of plainchant, incense, Gospel procession and an emphasis on celebration in Chris rather than on the sort of meddling co lectivist social consciousness that is cur rently widely touted by those who shoul know better.

Susanna R. A. Mille
New Haven, Conn

Hanging Out with Somoza

I had the opportunity to read a draft c Norman L. Wolfson's "The Lost Caus of a PR Man" [July 20]. At the time, commented that I couldn't imagine a re spected journal publishing the article. T me, the anecdotal egoism of such stu simply destroyed credibility.

Also, if a publicist chooses to dress u the image of a dictator, there seems certain crassness in later doing an apolc gia. Although in my view the critiqu on the habits of CBS News was plausible most of the rest appeared as a collectio of barroom gossip more suitable to Hollywood pulp pub. Obviously, I'm sur prised that you published it.

Now that I've had my say and ex pressed some disappointment, let me ad that *NR* is still my favorite commentary Keep up the good work, good fight, c whatever—but please spare me the "I Was-There" begging-off of such publicit flacks.

J. R. Shaffe
Stamford, Conn

Con-fusion

In regard to the bit of humor in "Th Week" [July 6] concerning protestors wish ing to shutdown the sun: old Sol produce its energy from fusion, not fission. Perhap we should call this gaffe a "Snowian slip (after C. P.).

Henry E. Heatherl
Lafayette, La

Erratum

My note on the libertarians ["Has the Lib ertarian Movement Gone Kooky?" Aug 3] erred in describing Cato's economi letter, *Policy Report*, as *Policy Review*– which is, of course, an outstanding quar terly published by the Heritage Founda tion. I apologize to both journals for th typo.

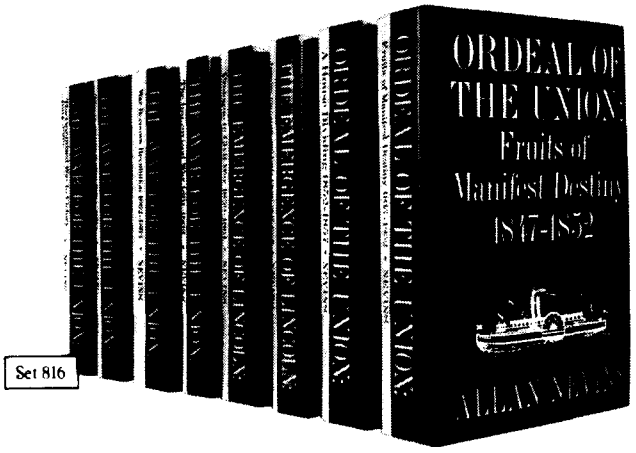
Alan Reynold
Chicago, Il

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drink deeply from the wellspring of history...

Choose Any Set For A Dollar A Volume

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost. Savings up to $112, with trial membership.

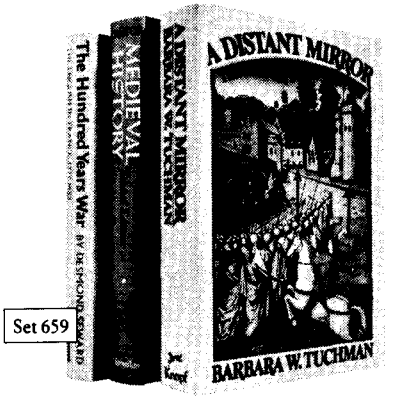


Allan Nevins'

THE ORDEAL OF THE UNION

8 Volumes, Publisher's Price $120.00/*Yours For Only $8*

The masterwork of this great historian. Monumental account of our national history, 1847 to 1865. Told with a sweep and passion that is almost Tolstoian. *"We are not likely to see more history of this character and scope for some time to come."* – N.Y. Times, National Book Award.

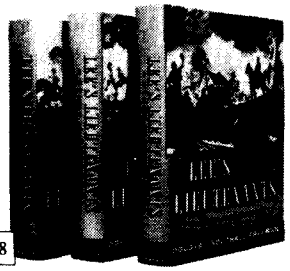


REFLECTIONS OF THE MEDIEVAL WORLD

3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $39.85/*Yours For Only $3*

Three absorbing views encompassing the details of life and the grand sweep of Medieval history. Norman Cantor's *Medieval History*, Desmond Seward's *The Hundred Years War*, and Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*.

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $75.00/ *Yours For Only $3*

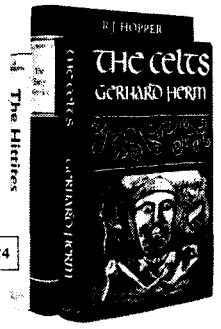


Douglas Southall Freeman's

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A STUDY IN COMMAND

The remarkable commanders of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and how they waged—and almost won—the Civil War. 2,395 pages; 24 portrait photographs; 107 military maps.

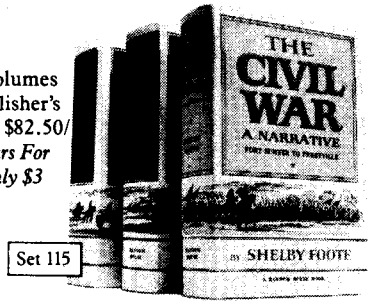
3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $55.50/ *Yours For Only $3*



GREAT ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

Exciting studies of history's most remarkable cultures. James Macqueen's *The Hittites*, R. J. Hopper's *The Early Greeks*, and Gerhard Herm's *The Celts*.

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $82.50/ *Yours For Only $3*



Shelby Foote's

THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative

By a historian who is also a gifted novelist – the opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox. "A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing." – N.Y. Times

The story of history, and the men who made it, makes for reading that is both lively and valuable. Now in its 33rd year, the Club provides its members with the finest new books of history and world affairs–always at substantial savings.

For a mere dollar a volume, we'll send you any one of the magnificent sets pictured—with your first selection at the low member's price (any book listed at right).

Membership Benefits

A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low member's prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment.

Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our *Review* containing descriptions of new and recent selections. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

PICK ONE OF THESE SELECTIONS AT THE LOW MEMBER'S PRICE:

(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

2. Germany: 1866-1945. *By Gordon Craig.* $19.95/**$12.95**

6. Alexander the Great and the Logistics of the Macedonian Army. *By Donald W. Engels.* $15.00/**$9.95**

4. The Twelve Caesars. *By Michael Grant.* $12.50/**$8.75**

8. Stonewall in The Valley: T. J. 'Stonewall' Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaign, Spring 1862. *By Robert G. Tanner.* $10.00/**$7.95**

4. Medieval England: A Social History and Archaeology from Conquest to 1600 A.D. *By Colin Platt.* $25.00/**$12.95**

8. The Sui Dynasty: The Unification of China, A.D. 581-617. *By Arthur Wright.* $15.00/**$9.95**

4. Ultra Goes to War. *By Ronald Lewin.* An account of the ultimate military intelligence coup. $12.95/**$8.95**

6. Richard the Lionheart. *By John Gillingham.* $12.50/**$8.50**

9. The Confederate Nation: 1861-1865. *By Emory M. Thomas.* $15.00/**$9.95**

3. People of the Lake: Mankind and its Beginnings. *By Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin.* $10.95/**$8.95**

WH79F

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill my set at $1 a volume and my other selection at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

Set # _____ Selection # _____

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within a year (*not counting my choices above*), and then I may resign at any time. All Club purchases are at low member's prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NV-78W

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

In Canada, mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ The way things are going it was practically an accolade—Secretary-Treasurer **Lane Kirkland**'s statement that the AFL-CIO is not yet ready to "excommunicate" the President. At its Executive Council meeting in Chicago, the AFL-CIO decided to keep hands off until after the Democratic and Republican Conventions next year; only then will it endorse a candidate. . . . *Politics Today* thinks **Walter Mondale** may be dropped in favor of a Northeastern Catholic next year (Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**? Gov. **Hugh Carey**?). On the other hand **Morton Blackwell**, former editor of the *New Right Report* (now on Sen. **Gordon Humphrey**'s staff), thinks **Carter** may be dropped in favor of Mondale ("the dreamboat of the ADA and the AFL-CIO"). . . . To a question about a possible Carter-**Kennedy** ticket in 1980, White House press secretary **Jody Powell** replied: "The possibility is absurd." . . . Former Under Secretary of State **George Ball** was upset about the firing of **Michael Blumenthal**, but finds the explanation for it simple. "The President is hunkering down and the people he is hunkering down with are financial and economic illiterates." . . . Blumenthal, incidentally, is not at all sure that he'll vote for Carter next year. "I will make up my mind [on that] next spring."

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rothco

"Great news! I'm no longer unemployed—I've been seasonally adjusted!"

■ Primary maneuverings: White House elated by prospects that **Georgia** and possibly two other Southern states (**South Carolina** and **Tennessee**) will reschedule their primaries to March 11, when primaries already are scheduled for **Alabama** and **Florida**. A strong Carter showing in five Southern states one week after the Massachusetts primary could do a lot to turn Mr. Carter's fortunes around. . . . **Massachusetts**, incidentally, has refused an order from the Democratic National Committee to reschedule its primary in April or later (from the present March 4 date) despite the threat that delegates chosen on March 4 will not be seated at the Convention. . . . **Evan Dobelle**, chairman, sort of, of the Carter campaign committee, denies *Boston Herald American* story that Carter will duck the Massachusetts primary. He points out that the President has the endorsement of Gov. **Edward King** and former Gov. **Michael Dukakis**. . . . **Tim Kraft** has left the White House to join the Carter campaign staff and **Hamilton Jordan** says Kraft will be running the campaign, Dobelle will "concentrate on money raising."

■ Not many of **Richard Viguerie**'s New Right associates are following him into the **John Connally** camp. Both Morton Blackwell an **Howard Phillips**, of the Con servative Caucus, find Connall insufficiently conservative fo their tastes. They feel some o **Lyndon Johnson**'s big govern ment ideas have rubbed off o him. . . . A recent poll show that 38 percent of **Texans** pla to vote Republican in nex year's May primary: good new for Connally, who can expect heavy Democratic switch-ove vote. . . . In New York, Youn Americans for Freedom ha passed a resolution urging Rep **Jack Kemp** to run for th Senate whether or not **Jaco Javits** decides to retire. Kemp in *N.Y. Daily News* interview said that is exactly what h plans to do. . . . Vermont Re publicans who think Sen. **Patrick Leah** is vulnerable have been talking t Robert Schuettinger, editor of *Polic Review*, about a possible candidacy Schuettinger, an economist, is the chair man of Vermont Taxpayers Union.

■ **Evans & Novak** report a Soviet tas force is steaming toward Cienfuegos i Cuba and warn that if the Administra tion doesn't react to this act of aggres sion it may lose (not gain) some Senat votes on SALT: among them the vot of Florida Democrat **Richard Stone** . . . Outgoing U.S. Amb. **Malcoln Toon** (to the USSR) warns agains "dropping our guard" with the Soviets

■ Kudos for **George Wallace**: "I wa for segregation," said Wallace the othe day. "I was raised that way and I be lieved that way. But I was wrong. Any one who wants segregation back ough to have his head examined." There' more than a dime's worth of differenc there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR CAR AND TOMORROW'S FUELS

AS THE SUPPLY OF OIL DROPS, SYNTHETICS BECOME MORE ATTRACTIVE.

General Motors is not in the fuel business. But since the cars we build depend on fuel, we have to be on top of the energy situation. Here's the way it looks to us.

All the cars we build are powered by internal combustion engines. These engines work by burning petroleum-derived gasoline or diesel fuel under high pressure. So far, petroleum has been the safest, least expensive source of these hydrocarbon fuels, which pack a lot of energy per gallon. But automotive fuels can also be obtained from many other sources, ranging from oil shale to coal and even corn stalks. The problem is to turn these solid materials into safe, convenient, environmentally sound, cost-efficient liquid fuels.

At GM, we have evaluated a variety of domestic resources and alternative fuels.

Fuels made from shale oil are the best current alternatives. Shale oil is produced by heat-treating oil shale, an abundant American resource. Gasoline and diesel fuel could be refined from shale oil. What is needed, however, are the plants to convert the shale rock into the shale oil. As petroleum becomes more expensive, it will be cost-efficient to build these plants. The mining of shale, though, still presents serious environmental problems that must be solved.

Coal is the next best option. Coal can also be turned into gasoline and diesel fuel, but the process is more expensive and complex than that for oil shale. As with oil shale, coal mining also poses environmental problems.

Biomass (vegetation and organic wastes) is another possibility. The main advantage of biomass is that it is a renewable resource. However, biomass is difficult and expensive to collect and process.

The only automotive fuel currently being made that uses biomass is gasohol. Gasohol is a blend of 10% ethyl alcohol and gasoline. The use of gasohol in present-day cars can save gasoline and causes no insurmountable difficulties.

Hydrogen has often been discussed. Although engines can be run on hydrogen, its production potential appears limited, and the practical problems of safe and efficient distribution and storage haven't yet been solved.

Although electricity isn't a fuel, it can be generated from non-petroleum resources. Some electrically-powered cars are already on the road. The problem is that with current lead-acid batteries they're only capable of traveling relatively short distances between battery charges. We're continuing to do extensive research on advanced zinc-nickel oxide storage batteries.

Nothing is more important than ensuring the supply of fuels needed to keep our country strong. At GM we are confident that if government and industry cooperate and work together to explore alternative energy sources, the problem of providing sufficient fuels for the future, at the lowest possible cost, can and will be solved.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Governor Jerry Brown, running hard for the Presidency, has installed Daniel Ellsberg as his foreign policy advisor. Ellsberg was Brown's fifth choice, and got the job after turndowns by Abbie Hoffman, Kim Philby, Wilfred Burchett, and W. C. Fields.

■ The Executive Council of the AFL-CIO has issued a statement attacking the "transfer of critical technology to the Soviet Union," mentioning particularly computers, ball bearings, seismic equipment, oil drill bits, and other products that have applications in nuclear warheads, armor-piercing rockets, and submarine detection devices. An honorable and patriotic statement, scarcely audible in the brouhaha kicked up by those who want to boycott the firms that sell Kleenex to South Africa.

■ Annoying to the end, Andrew Young resigned almost precisely at our press time. The action that precipitated his resignation—freelance secret dealings with the PLO, compounded with his lying to his superiors about it—was brilliantly calculated to prevent any possible hope of a Carter political resurrection. What Young did infuriated the Jewish lobby and the State Department; what Carter had to do in response infuriated the black lobby and probably the Arabs too, without winning back Jewish support. Never has a U.S. President managed to get pushed around by so many pressures at once. Carter accedes to all and satisfies none. The long-overdue departure of Young is offset by the fact that Carter remains, dangerously weakened—a force for instability.

■ NEW CLASS NOTES. After 25 years in Greenwich Village, Mike and Stephanie Harrington have decided to move to the ritzy Westchester suburb of Larchmont. Mike and Stephanie are part of the Socialist Establishment: both longtime activists, Mike has written books like *The Other America*, *The Twilight of Capitalism*, *The Accidental Century*, and *Socialism*. But they now have two boys in school, and the New York public schools have proved "too tough" for the lads, ages eight and eleven. Why not just put them in private schools, you ask? It's not that easy. You see, Mike and Stephanie don't *believe* in private schools. And so, to preserve their principles, as Mike's royalties allow them to do, they're off to the suburbs. Mike will still be able to commute into the City for meetings, rallies, and demonstrations, while Stephanie can stay in the neighborhood to forge a socialist-socialite coalition.

■ ENTER: the Citizen's Party, which, according to its founders (including Barry Commoner, Studs Terkel, and Archibald I. Gilles) is being organized not as a third party but as a replacement for either of the two existing ones. Party organizers hope to unite under their banner the multitude of discrete activist groups that are on the loose. These throngs of the disenchanted will select, at their 1980 convention, candidates supporting a party platform calling for: 1) citizen control of corporations 2) reduced military spending, 3) opposition to nuclear power, and 4) guaranteed jobs for all who are willing to work. Ralph Nader, though not among party organizers, perhaps articulated best the spirit and intent of the Citizen's Party in a statement he made to *Rolling Stone* ["Citizen Nader," Aug. 23]: "I'll support any populist party that breaks up the present two-party system, which is nothing more than a political conspiracy against the citizens of this country." EXIT: sanity.

■ No longer disciplined by the practicalities of governing, the deeply split factions of the British Labor Party are engaged in open political warfare. Vicious infighting provoked former Prime Minister James Callaghan into an accusation that the Labor leftists are attempting an "East European" takeover. Through leftist domination of Labor's National Executive Council, supporters of Tony Benn hoped to hand pick MPs and gain control of the parliamentary party. Alarmed, Labor moderates aroused Callaghan by threatening to break away and form a Social Democratic Party. The Labor Party is deeply divided on means and ends. Tony Benn would bring about a socialist and neutralist England. Labor moderates have more in common with the Conservatives than with Benn. Could be the end of the Labor Party.

■ SOURCES OF AMERICA'S ENERGY POLICY, Chap. 1: "The store of natural gas known to exist in this country will probably be exhausted within twenty years of the present time. The resources in the way of petroleum are also likely to be used before the middle of the next century." —*The United States: A Handbook for Travelers*, Karl Baedecker (1893).

■ Yoo-hoo! Jane! Jerry! Tom! Barry! Who's for an anti-nuke protest? Everyone? Good. Because Cuba is about ready to build some nuclear energy plants. And the Soviet-designed system, according to one U.S. Government economist, will apparently lack two key safety features common to nuclear plants in the United States and Europe: a steel and concrete outer casing and a back-up cooling system. As a result, writes Jorge F. Pérez-López in *Cuban Studies*, a meltdown not only would be disastrous for Cubans, but could affect neighboring areas, including southern Florida. And according to the *Latin American Economic Report*, the Soviets may be "particularly enthusiastic" about the program, since Cuba now relies heavily for its energy on Soviet oil.

■ One issue not covered under the recently signed SALT II treaty is that of offensive space weapons. Many

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you make these 10 common typewriter mistakes?

Patented Correction Cartridge

Most people make their fair share of typing mistakes. But the biggest mistake you can make is buying the wrong typewriter in the first place. There are ten things you should check out. They can help you avoid making these ten typewriter mistakes.

Check out the correction system. There are several typewriter correction systems, but they don't all work equally well.

This Smith-Corona® electric portable has a unique cartridge ribbon and correction system that lets you change ribbons in seconds without touching the ribbon. It also lets you correct typing errors quickly, neatly and easily.

Test the feel. Are the slope and height of the keyboard comfortable? The size and shape of the keys?

While you're about it, compare the feel of a Smith-Corona electric typewriter against others—we welcome head-on comparison.

Try the touch. A responsive touch makes for easier typing. You want a touch that is prompt, easy and dependable. For instance, note how smoothly the Smith-Corona performs functions such as carriage return and back-space.

Listen to the sound. Believe it or not, a typewriter has a sound of its own. If it sounds tinny, beware. It may indicate that the typewriter's construction is too light.

Note the look of the type. Lines and individual letters should be straight. The impression should be crisp, clean and even. The print quality should not vary over the page.

Consider the overall design. You want a typewriter that looks contemporary but not eccentric. Smith-Corona, for instance, is an example of classic good design you'll live happily with for years.

Look at the carrying case. Does it have double walls for air-cushioned protection? Sturdy latches and hinges? The case for this typewriter does.

Compare prices. A typewriter that sells for a lot less than others might be a lot less typewriter. Where price difference is minimal, you probably should go for the one that tests best.

Ask who makes it. Smith-Corona makes every typewriter that bears its name—which is not true of most other brands.

So consider the maker's reputation. A company with a solid reputation will still be around tomorrow and in the future to give your typewriter necessary service and maintenance.

Try the Smith-Corona carbon film ribbon. We offer a re-usable nylon fabric ribbon, good for ordinary typing jobs. This is the only kind most portables offer. But we also offer carbon film ribbon in five colors. It's the same kind of ribbon that the most expensive office typewriters use, and it's perfect for jobs requiring a crisp professional look such as term papers or a resume.

Once you've made these ten typewriter tests, we think you'll know why more people prefer Smith-Corona electric portable typewriters than all other brands combined.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

For the past few weeks, independent television stations around the country have been carrying satellite reports from Spartacade '79, the tune-up games for the Moscow Olympics next summer. Poorly produced under the aegis of the slippery Lothar Bock—the German middleman in the NBC-Moscow deal—these reports have been journalistically lethargic and atmospherically depressing. The harassment of American athletes has been systematic (this viewer found it particularly wondrous that lane assignments, supposedly selected by lot, consistently placed American sprinters in the disadvantageous outside lanes), the treatment of political undesirables tough (Israelis and Chileans were excluded), and the bias of Soviet officials patent and unremitting. Word has already spread through the American track squad that warm-up conditions will be identical next year. The two practice tracks will be divided evenly, one for the Soviets and one for the rest of the world.

While it may have been the result of our erratic viewing habits rather than the programming itself, we did not hear the American anthem played a single time. The Soviet anthem, on the other hand, is now as familiar as the Coca-Cola jingle. Worse still were the man-in-the-street sidebars, designed, it must be presumed, to lend journalistic verisimilitude. One would be lucky to catch so many professionally Nice People in a dragnet thrown over a Jaycee convention. In Moscow, one just stumbles across them—industrious, cheerful folk, alternately quaint and cute. To ensure that nobody would misread the frenzied body-language, the commentators pronounced every minute, on the minute, "We're so lucky to be here!" Ah, the honor of it all. Participating in the dress rehearsal for the greatest propaganda offensive since Adolf Hitler staged the 1936 games in Berlin.

By the magic of NBC, the entire world, roughly speaking, will tour this Potemkin village next summer. The audience has been estimated for sales purposes at 1.4 billion, which is approximately 12 times the audience for this year's Super Bowl. That sounds a bit high, but even if it's off by a quarter-billion, it's almost incomprehensibly large. Think of it this way. Anybody who understands a spoken language and is within walking distance of a television set will be watching these broadcasts. If there is anybody out there who still believes that the Soviets are going to let pests from NBC News confuse the real issues, well, we have some hot synthetic-fuel stocks for your consideration. Our own view is that NBC will follow its nose for news all the way to the cash register and back. Let the pathetically fragile little government of Rhodesia curtail the human rights of a single black and NBC News, all steely-eyed and hairy of chest, leaps to the attack. But let the principal enemy of world freedom mount a world-wide assault on American values and NBC becomes an eager Uriah-Heepish collaborator, surrendering its prime-time schedule and paying handsomely for the privilege.

We thought that the estimable Vladislav Shevchenko, a spokesman for Moscow's Olympic Organizing Committee, summed up the situation most strikingly when he said last week that "for the first time in history" the games are being held "in a country whose external and internal policies measure up to the Olympic ideals of peace and friendship among nations." He was speaking of the Soviet Union. And we call that socialism.

■ *Political notes from Washington-in-the-doldrums.* The question of the month is this: Can Jimmy Carter hold on long enough to keep Teddy out? Clearly, not even the White House is certain of the answer. Staffers have been spreading the word that if Teddy comes in, he can expect a real dust-up. For reporters who miss the point, Carter aides are refreshing recollections of the 1976 campaign when Carter roughed up Hubert Humphrey, finally persuading the Minnesota senator to quit the race lest he embarrass himself. Whatever his image may be elsewhere, pols here know Carter to be a ruthless campaign operator. The threat to EMK is credible. . . . A case of life imitating television develops in Maryland where CBS News correspondent Marvin Kalb prepares to run for the Senate. Kalb reveals that he is a registered Democrat and conventionally liberal, revelations that fail to shock his long-time viewers. Kalb is touring the state now, sounding out potential supporters for a 1980 race against GOP incumbent Charles Mathias. Party leaders assess his chances as slim.

—CATO

---

sources in Washington and in the aerospace industry worry that a dangerous and costly arms race in space will develop if a separate treaty is not negotiated to control it. The U.S. has spent over $50 million in the last twenty years on military space projects designed not to engage in combat but to aid ground forces. Offensive-space-weapons projects such as an "orbiting bomber" and a manned military space station have been abandoned for economic reasons. The Soviets on the other hand are experimenting with anti-satellite weapons (ASATs) which can home in on and destroy other satellites. Future possibilities for both sides to consider include space mines, orbiting particle beam devices, and ground laser beam facilities to knock out space weapons and also ICBMs.

■ The Soviets claim that Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish hero who saved the lives of thousands of Hungarian Jews during World War II, died in Lubyanka prison in 1947 (see "The Last of the Pimpernels," *NR*, August 17, 1979). But accounts continue to trickle out of Gulag that Wallenberg is alive (if not well). In response to an official Swedish inquiry, the Soviets declared in January this year that "there is not, and cannot be, anything new in the case of Raoul Wallenberg." To ensure this, the Soviets have now re-arrested Jan Kaplan, a Jewish dissident who had smuggled out a letter detailing his meeting with Wallenberg in a prison infirmary in 1975. A Soviet colonel explained to Mrs. Kaplan that her husband was being arrested, after having been freed, because he had "ungratefully decided to send out illegally through a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreigner an anti-Soviet spy letter to Israel." That's the trouble with graduates of Gulag: they just don't show sufficient gratitude.

■ FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE. LIFT-OFF. @#$%¢&* . . . Splash. Nineteen years into its space program, India set off its very own, very first four-stage rocket-launched satellite the other day only to have it fall into the Bay of Bengal five minutes later. Two earlier launches, powered by Soviet rockets, also failed. The power system on the first of those went phut; the second made it into orbit but its cameras—it was on a photographic-mapping mission—did not switch on. Back to the drawing board.

■ Doan Van Toai worked for and welcomed Communism in Vietnam, so in 1975 the new regime appointed him to a high post in its Finance Committee. When he tried to tone down its rapacious confiscation program, he was jailed and tortured for 28 months. Upon his release he fled the country—and recently persuaded Joan Baez to circulate her open letter protesting human rights violations under Hanoi's rule. The Left is now busy vilifying him as an embezzler, a bribe-taker, a gigolo, and of course a Thieu-CIA flunky: charges that have been peddled by William Kunstler, David Dellinger, and the American Friends Service Committee, some of which charges are traceable to Vietnam experts in Havana. Worse yet, these smears moved a chapter of Amnesty International to withdraw its sponsorship of Toai when he spoke at Smith College in April. Toai has issued a long statement rebutting the charges and challenging the conscience of Amnesty and the Friends: "In the name of decency, are they not required to answer—if not to me, then to their own constituents and supporters—for their role in this dirty affair? Were they not morally obliged, before accepting or distributing these grave charges against me, to ask me for my view as to whether there is any truth to them? Yet not once, to this very moment, have they ever approached me. Am I not entitled to be considered innocent before having been found guilty? And is their behavior not a form of trial by slander, a violation of the very human rights they claim to champion?"

■ At one time Albanian strongman Enver Hoxha and Mao Tse-tung were buddies. But Hoxha has had second thoughts. And he concludes, in his book *Reflections on China*, that the CPC (Communist Party of China) is not now and has never been "Marxist-Leninist, that China has not established socialism, but rather another variation of revisionism." "Written in a clear informal style," says a *Guardian* ad, "it makes for 765 pages of easy, fascinating reading." Better order in a hurry. The books are already in transit from Albania.

■ NOW YOU SEE IT NOW YOU DON'T: Pyotr Neporozhniy, Soviet Minister of Power and Electricity, told Representative Robert Michel (R., Ill.) that the Soviet Union intends to press forward with its own nuclear power plants. Anatoly Aleksandrov, president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, wrote an article assuring the Soviet people that the Three Mile Island incident had been blown all out of proportion by the captive media of capitalist fuel companies that fear that their profits will be endangered by a shift to nuclear power. Aleksandrov assured his readers that Soviet nuclear plants were safe and that the nuclear power program, including fast breeder reactors, would be pursued. The same week, the Kremlin's voice in America, Secretary General Gus Hall of the CPUSA, said in a speech at the University of Wisconsin: "The nuclear plants [in the U.S.] should all be closed down for basic inspection and never opened again except after people's committees with veto power will agree to their opening." Nuclear power, like detente, is a two-edged weapon in the Soviet arsenal, good for them, bad for us.

■ One of the following four quotations was taken from the latest issue of *Peking Review*, English-language organ of the People's Republic of China. We're not telling which. 1) "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons?" 2) "I caught this morning morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon." 3) "Whoever tries to separate economics from politics in our real work and strengthen economic work at the cost of weakening political work or strengthen political work at the cost of weakening economic work will surely go to the wall." 4) "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank! There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st but in his motion like an angel sings."

■ President Carter has advised his Cabinet and top aides that he is creating an Interdepartmental Committee on Domestic Violence out of his deep personal concern with violence in the American home. A few polls ago, he contemplated whipping the ass of a member of the Senate.

Downhill All the Way

From St. Paul, the Mississippi
  Winds its way down to the sea.
In the spring, it spreads disaster;
  Summer sailors sip iced tea.
Once, it split the South asunder;
  Steamboats sail upon it, still.
Jimmy's flowing with the current
  On the *Delta Queen*, downhill.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How about an Interdepartmental Committee on Intragovernmental Violence?

■ The *Wall Street Journal* reports that John Connally's presidential bid may be hurt by his image as a "wheeler-dealer." We're not so sure. After four years of Carter, the voters just may prefer a wheeler-dealer to a wheelee-dealee.

■ According to a new NATIONAL REVIEW poll, only 14 per cent of the American electorate think Miss Lillian has done a good job.

Nobody's Buying Records

At CBS Inc., sales are down.
RCA Records wears a frown.
The Rolling Stones all show a loss,
While Linda Ronstadt gathers moss.
As record biggies bite their nails
Anticipating Christmas sales,
They might consider me, as I
Continue playing, "I'll Get By."

W. H. VON DREELE

Rhodesia: One Last Game

By participating in an agreement at Lusaka to attempt to re-arrange the pieces on the Rhodesian chess-board, Margaret Thatcher may have made a brilliant move. We and the world see only the surface of the game, the public statements. What tacit agreements and understandings exist we will have to wait to see. So far, the new Conservative Prime Minister has given no reason to disbelieve in her strategic intelligence. Until the game is played, therefore, we can continue to believe in the skill of her latest move.

The odds still seem to favor the entire package falling apart. But by proposing a constitutional convention for September in London—not a peace conference—the British have moved the various pieces into positions that could lead to success:

1) The "front-line" states, led by Tanzania's Nyerere, tired of war and leery of further Communist intrusion, have accepted the principle of a guaranteed bloc of white seats in the Rhodesian Parliament (though not the whites' "entrenched position") and are now more likely to pressure the Patriotic Front parties;

2) Ian Smith's Rhodesian whites are under pressure to make constitutional concessions because they will not get a better deal from another government in London;

3) The beleaguered Muzorewa needs the London conference to buy a respite from warfare and to gain credit for winning a better constitutional deal for blacks;

4) Nkomo and Mugabe will be under pressure from the "front-line" and other African states whose indispensable support they stand to lose if they torpedo the British initiatives;

5) Mrs. Thatcher's government makes maximum use of what might otherwise be a politically difficult period before the question of continuing or revoking sanctions comes up in Parliament in November, disarms the anti-sanction hardliners, and creates a record to use as a base for doing whatever will need to be done in November;

6) The U.S. Administration gets off the hook temporarily and, while consulting with the British, will be able to stay in the background, letting the British take the lead;

7) The "step-by-step" method of limiting the London Conference to the "constitutional question" and deferring the thorny transition problems enhances the prospects of success;

8) Finally, if all else fails, we can take heart from the knowledge of Mrs. Thatcher's well-known strong principles and her unwillingness to be an accessory to handing the country over at the point of a gun to a few thousand guerrillas without regard for the will of the six million people living in Rhodesia.

SALT: Oh God, What if It Fails?

In the ongoing marathon debate about SALT II, it will be useful to get beyond details. The most potent argument of the pro-SALT forces—and we use the word "forces" advisedly, since they are psychological—depends upon the threat of the unknown. That is, what, exactly, will *happen* if SALT II is aborted? On this, some reflections.

a) Strategically, nothing much. The real constraints on the Soviet weapons program are economic, technological, and political. Nothing signed in Vienna changes this. At the present time the Soviets devote 11 to 13 per cent of their GNP to the military, and their stagnant economy shows serious strains. If SALT II is rejected, the Soviets could opt to go to 15 or 20 per cent. That might be extremely desirable, from a U.S. point of view.

b) Prior to SALT I and "detente," U.S.-Soviet relations exhibited greater stability than they do now. Since SALT I, new Marxist regimes have been established in South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Angola, Ethiopia, Afghanistan, and South Yemen. Exactly what did we gain *politically* through the SALT "process"? In comparison with "detente," cold war looks like stability.

c) SALT II is not really about weapons at all, but

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the perception of politics in the global arena. The statement being made in SALT II is that the U.S. is willing to accept equality verging on inferiority with a declining and indeed failing Soviet system. That extraordinary perception influences friend and foe alike.

d) SALT II is about psychology as it impinges on politics. U.S. security can be secured through an array of advanced and indeed often inexpensive weapons systems, which the Soviets cannot match: cruise missile, neutron bomb, fuel-air explosive, *ad infinitum*. Given the perception of "agreements" with the Soviets, these things will not be produced or deployed.

e) SALT II, politically, is designed to split the U.S. from its NATO allies. The U.S. strategic umbrella over NATO depends upon a "forward" U.S. posture. The Soviets are closer to Bonn and Paris than we are. People within binocular range of Soviet armored divisions need more than U.S. strategic equality/inferiority.

f) And while we're quaking in our boots about what such aging despots as Brezhnev and Gromyko might do, we are not without options. We could, for example, equip the army of the People's Republic of China with sophisticated anti-aircraft weapons. That would neutralize a lot of Backfire bombers. We have the option of providing the Chinese with some very fancy anti-tank technology, of no use against Taiwan.

Therefore, forget the details of SALT II, subjects for sterile debate. SALT II is really protectionism for the Soviets. Let the two socio-economic systems really compete.

To Get This Country Moving Again

The Joint Economic Committee of the Congress, chaired by Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.), has filed its mid-year report on the economy, and in so doing has continued its new-found emphasis on fundamental economic principles.

Instead of calling for short-term programs to relieve this or that pocket of unemployment or to bail out this or that industry, the JEC has zeroed in on the problem of production itself. It notes that in the first half of this year the total output per manhour in private business dropped at an annual rate of 3.3 per cent; excluding agriculture, the decline in productivity was at a rate of 5.7 per cent, the worst showing in more than thirty years.

Looking ahead, the JEC sees the economy burdened by continuing inflation, higher Social Security taxes, and higher tax rates caused by inflation alone. If no basic steps are taken to offset these problems, the JEC foresees a stagnant economy, hardship for many, and a greatly reduced chance for minorities to work their way into the mainstream.

The JEC continues, with this report, to be one of the most helpful and encouraging influences in Washington. It reiterates the message of its March report, calling for policies to stimulate saving and investment, to reward work and production, to reduce the burden of taxation, and to control inflation. A few years ago "everyone knew" that all our ills were caused by "lack of demand," which could be cured by deficit spending and inflation. That system has been given a long and thorough test and has been found wanting. Now "everyone knows" that the trouble is we're not producing enough, and something has got to be done about making work, saving, and investment worthwhile once again.

It takes, Lord knows, a long time to fashion a practical policy out of "received wisdom." But the first, the conceptual, steps seem now to have been taken. The rest will follow, if it's not already too late.

Victimizing Chrysler

Chrysler is the latest victim of the New Class. Finished off by costs running in the hundred millions of dollars imposed on its operations by federal regulations, the corporation stands as a supplicant for federal aid. Some free market economists opposed to subsidies are against aid to the automaker. While it is true that the government should not be in the business of bailing out firms that fail the market test, Chrysler's failure stemmed from Washington more than from the market. If the corporation does go under, the Federal Government should be required to indemnify the shareholders—their equity having been destroyed—and to pay both management and the work force the present value of their lost future earnings.

The automaker, of course, will not be allowed to go under. And that makes it important for conservatives and Republicans to get into the act of saving it. If the bailout is supported only by the liberal Democrats who regulated the firm into failure, then the price Chrysler will have to pay for federal aid will be acceptance of the New Class's "corporate social responsibility" package. That means public representatives on Chrysler's board and so forth.

Once the New Class gets its hooks into Chrysler, the automaker is not likely to recover. Nationalization would follow, and the government would not long tolerate privately owned GM and Ford showing up the performance of socialized Chrysler. After all, if private enterprise does it better, what's the justification for a socialized firm?

On the subject of nationalization, the AFL-CIO has called for nationalizing the oil industry unless it can show it is acting in the public interest. "The nation cannot afford to be at the mercy of the barons of American oil companies," said the AFL-CIO. But what about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barons of labor? With garbage strikes, police strikes, truck strikes, airline strikes, teacher strikes, steel strikes, rail and subway strikes, longshoremen strikes, postal strikes, automobile strikes, and construction strikes, what labor union can demonstrate that it acts in the public's interest? The AFL-CIO's argument justifies nationalizing wage labor and making the work force serfs of the state. Of course, that's not what the labor barons have in mind. It is just that the AFL-CIO is increasingly dominated by the public employee unions, and they see an opportunity to get their hands on the oil industry.

The Haves Have It

(From Los Angeles Times; by William G. Tucker)

I think the most important thing to recognize about environmentalists is that, essentially, they don't want any solution to the energy problem. The reason is quite simple. Environmentalists are mostly people from the upper echelons of society—well-to-do, well-educated professionals who are not particularly dependent on industry, and are more or less materially satisfied. They do not see any great threat in the loss of a few manufacturing jobs, the closing of a few plants, or a leveling-off of the economy. In fact, in many ways they would prefer it that way. More jobs, more economic growth, and more mass consumption simply mean that more people will be climbing the economic ladder and demanding what they already possess. More energy and more growth mean more people trying to move into the suburbs, more people crowding the beaches . . .

As for solar energy, it will probably emerge as one of the great myths of the era, like Prester John, the legendary Christian emperor of the Middle Ages who was always about to start a rear-guard attack on Islam. Certainly, if all the homes in America were converted to solar heating and hot water, we could probably cut our electrical demand by 10 per cent to 15 per cent. Solar voltaics may also play a part someday, and there has been some promising progress in this area. But to think that solar energy can provide our basic electrical needs, as 43 per cent of the public now believes can be accomplished *within five years*, according to one recent poll, is a frightening self-deception . . .

The great illusion that environmentalists have been able to perpetuate is that, while they are always opposed to "this" form of energy, they are in favor of "some other" form of energy. In fact, they favor no more energy, and are perfectly content with the status quo. In blocking further economic progress and working against broadening material consumption, environmentalists have begun dividing American society into the oldest and most persistent conflict in history—the battle between the "haves" and the "have-nots." Much as they picture themselves as an abused minority at war with the evil forces of "the system," there can be no illusion about who they are—they are the "haves."

Castro, Carter, and Nicaragua

According to no less an authority than Jimmy Carter, the Cuban government played no role in Nicaragua's revolution. This exactly contradicts what Carter's CIA believes.

London Daily Telegraph columnist Robert Moss has obtained a secret CIA report, dated May 2, that somehow escaped even the busy bloodhounds of the Washington media. The report, according to Moss, "makes nonsense of subsequent official denials from Washington that there was any major Cuban involvement in the revolution."

Though Cuba played no overt role in Nicaragua, the report states that on at least two and possibly three occasions Cuba supplied arms to the Sandinista, through the friendly offices of the Panamanian government. But Castro did more than merely run guns to Nicaragua. He persuaded other Latin American leftists to support the Sandinista.

Thanks to Castro, says the report, the Honduran Communist Party established a support *apparat* in Honduras to train Sandinista. Thanks to Castro, the Costa Rican Communist Party served as a financial and logistical conduit for the Sandinista. Thanks to Castro, the three rival factions of the Sandinista Liberation Front reconciled their differences after four days in Cuba during which Castro hammered home the necessity of cooperation. "As a result of this meeting," the report says, "a unified FSLN directorate was established containing three members of each faction." It was also at this meeting that Castro urged them to "play down the Marxist nature of their programs at this point and to offer to join with non-Marxists in forging a broad coalition."

After detailing how Castro godfathered the Nicaraguan revolution, the report pinpoints Castro's next targets: El Salvador and Guatemala, the southern neighbors of our southern neighbor.

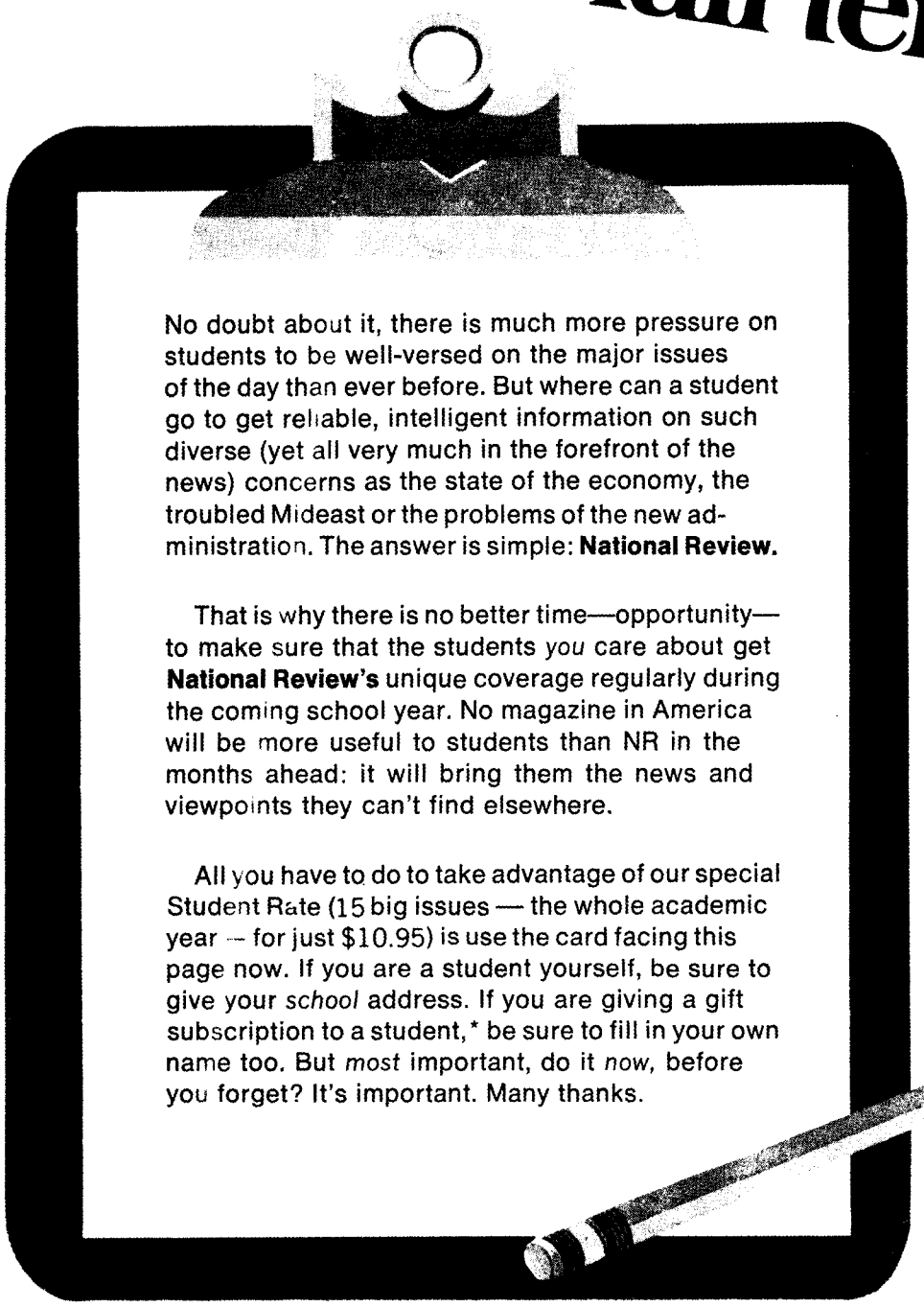
Vatican and Sex

In 1977, five Catholic writers collaborated in a book call *Human Sexuality*, commissioned by the Catholic Theological Society of America. It sold thirty thousand copies and will appear next month as a Doubleday paperback. The book has now been condemned, in effect, by the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith in the Vatican.

Human Sexuality is vulnerable enough in its formulations, and it does not have a high degree of intellectual distinction. While pleading loyalty to the "best elements of Christian Catholic moral traditions," the authors are vaporous in their specific moral recommendations. They recommend that the faithful, in trying to judge what constitutes correct sexual behavior, should judge what acts are "self-liberating, other-enriching, honest, faithful (em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGN UP right here and now for the fall term!



No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) concerns as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the problems of the new administration. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

That is why there is no better time—opportunity—to make sure that the students *you* care about get **National Review's** unique coverage regularly during the coming school year. No magazine in America will be more useful to students than NR in the months ahead: it will bring them the news and viewpoints they can't find elsewhere.

All you have to do to take advantage of our special Student Rate (15 big issues — the whole academic year — for just $10.95) is use the card facing this page now. If you are a student yourself, be sure to give your *school* address. If you are giving a gift subscription to a student,* be sure to fill in your own name too. But *most* important, do it *now*, before you forget? It's important. Many thanks.

* *You may not personally know students who need NATIONAL REVIEW — but we do. NATIONAL REVIEW has a list of students who simply cannot afford to subscribe. Won't you make it possible for one or more of them to receive it this year? If you wish, we will send a handsome gift card in your name. Then we will bill you later at the special $10.95 rate.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phasizing stable relationships), socially responsible, life-serving, and joyous."

Well, *that*, we say, would be *some* relationship. The formulation is mostly Sixties jargon, and utopian. It is unanchored in experience, though it is also possible to discern dimly the authors' good will. The Congregation correctly observed that "these purely subjective criteria . . . that yield no manageable or helpful rules for serious conscience formation in matters of sexuality" should be given "rigorous reconsideration" with a view toward correcting their "erroneous" character.

It is at least intellectually refreshing that the Vatican has thus officially challenged a well-meaning but intellectually inadequate attempt to deal with human sexuality. Only out of sharp challenges can clarity emerge.

The Congregation has its own problems—manifest, inevitably, in its language. It wants "manageable or helpful rules." It attacks "subjective criteria." It appears to desire general principles based upon the objective good of most people most of the time.

But there exists here an extreme tension, rooted in the Christian tradition itself. Christ issues few if any "manageable rules." What is true most of the time may not be true all of the time. The "Sabbath is made for man. . . ." It is extremely important to bear in mind that Christ mostly talks about dramatic situations, precipitates them, and tells stories. The Pharisees owned the rules, lots of them, but in Christ's existential performance, the point seems to be to determine how love operates within particular circumstances. The tension between "rules" and "love" appears to be one thing the Gospels are about.

Nor are the Gospels anti-subjective. Rather, they envision the inner as objectively real: the first rule is to love God with all your heart and soul.

No doubt the tension in the Christian tradition, its continuing challenge to rules, its demands on love, makes life more complex. But the Gospels do not end with a rose garden, and to flatten that complexity would constitute a kind of lie.

Olympic Watch, Cont'd

With less than one year to go before the opening of the Moscow Olympics, the outrages are quickening in frequency:

Item: At the Spartacade '79 Moscow tune-up for the Olympics, American athletes were systematically harassed (See also "Letter from Washington," p. 1072). Two practice tracks were available, one for Soviet competitors, one for the rest of the world. Americans invariably got the outside lane. Locker facilities were poor. TV sidebars were propagandistic.

Item: Israeli and Chilean teams were excluded from Spartacade '79.

Item: In its usual cave-in style, the International

Padry, *Le Herisson* Rothco

Olympic Committee indicated that the Republic of China would have to change its name and flag in order to compete in Moscow 1980. It will be the Chinese-Taipei team, and must cook up a new flag. Lord "No Politics" Killanin strikes again.

Item: The Moscow Olympics are making life still tougher for Soviet dissidents. A 42-year-old Ukrainian physician named Plakhotnyuk has been in Soviet psychiatric hospitals since 1972 for the crime of circulating unofficial *samizdat* literature. His health is deteriorating, chiefly because he is being "treated" with powerful neuroleptic drugs. The Soviet doctor in charge has told him that "until the Olympic Games have taken place, there can be no rush in your case."

Item: Viktor V. Grishin, a member of the Politburo, has warned Soviet citizens against ideological contamination from foreigners during the Moscow Games. In an address published in *Pravda*, he said: "It is necessary to insure that, in relations with foreigners, residents of the capital show cordiality and hospitality, stress the advantages of the Soviet way of life and the achievements of our society, and at the same time repulse the propaganda of alien ideas and principles, the onslaughts on our contry and on the ideas of socialism and Communism."

To appropriate the title of a review Edmund Wilson wrote during the 1920s: It's horrible, it's awful, it stinks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Joseph Cardinal Wright, R I P

Cardinal Wright died last week after a protracted illness; indeed he was the single cardinal whom illness kept from attending the consistory that elected John Paul I, though he was back a few weeks later to vote for the incumbent.

Cardinal Wright was in some respects an enigmatic figure. Beyond question he was the most learned and literate cardinal the United States has produced in a generation. He was at home in Italian, French, and the classical languages. He read Greek poetry in the original, and his office was indistinguishable from that of an academic researcher. About a generation ago he was spotted by liberal Catholics as their sort of guy—the antithesis of Cardinal Spellman, who (as they would put it), went about the world urging U.S. soldiers to kill more Orientals, and making appearances back home to denounce erotic movies. Ah, Bishop Wright of Worcester was different. Hadn't he joined the Fund for the Republic, Robert Hutchins' outfit for the defense of America against Joe McCarthy?

In due course it transpired that Bishop Wright (now Cardinal-designate of Pittsburgh) was at least as much concerned about Communism as about McCarthyism. More, that he took quite seriously the religious dogma to which he had devoted his life. More, that he expected others who had sworn to devote their lives to the priesthood to do so, barring extraordinary circumstances. When the Pope enunciated *Humanae Vitae*, deploring contraception, Cardinal Wright backed him. Whether out of a sense of conviction or dutifulness one dare not say, though perhaps in the months ahead we will know, since he was the kind of man who kept journals.

He was among the greatest orators the Catholic Church has produced, the equal of Fulton Sheen, Robert Gannon, and (yes) Charles Coughlin. He had moreover, a sense of the poetry of religion, and it will forever confound history (and his friends) that he did not use his august powers as head of the Congregation of the Clergy to transfuse some beauty back into the wretched language into which the Roman Missal has been rewritten by some missionary order for the propagation of verbal disharmony and imprecision. We wrote him once about the hapless use of the word "happy" as a substitute for "blessed," and he replied fiercely that the two words were resolutely different. "The halt and the blind, approaching the altar of the Lord, may be blessed; one cannot call them happy." He died, then—a cripple—blessed, but not happy; and, with all that undone work, leaving his church bereft, and lonely for his learned and incomparably spirited company. —WFB

None Dares Call It Socialism

Now shall we bail out Chrysler?
We succored NYC.
We gave Lockheed a leg-up
From pleas on bended knee.
It's sad to see a giant
So shockingly supine,
But if we bail out Chrysler,
Where do we draw the line?

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Please, if you would, publish this in your "Notes and Asides" department. I am enameled over with shame and anguish.

In my *Gimlet Eye* "I Leave the Episcopal Church" I extended an invitation to all and Sunday sundry who might have an interest in the Orthodox Church to meet me at the 400 Delicatessen on 57th and Ninth. At the time I consulted my deadline schedule and saw "For Issue of July 20." Fool that I am—I should know by now that Christmas issues of magazines appear sometime during August. At any rate, I appeared on Sunday July 22 at 11:45—but *NR* had carried my invitation a full week before that, while I was away teaching at the University of Rochester.

I learned—and nothing has made me so sick of soul—that seven people had made the pilgrimage on July 15. I want to extend my apology to those seven, to assure them that I will be on duty henceforth—and that, should any assignment take me away in future, they can easily walk up one flight to apartment 2B at 400 West 57th Street and ring the bell. ("Toombs" is the name on the door.) They will be made welcome and comfortable.

I have been distraught since: such invitations, at least by me, are not made lightly. And I pray that no one thought that I was being flippant. Best,

Keith [Mano]
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the July 20 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW there is an article entitled "The Lost Cause of a PR Man" by Norman L. Wolfson.

Mr. Wolfson's account of his work in Nicaragua is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interesting—*but* the language is not pleasing. Liberal use of cuss words and gutter language usually indicates an author who has a poor grasp of the English language.

Why was the article not cleaned up before publication?

Very truly yours,
James E. A. Hopkins
Monticello, Ind.

Dear Mr. Hopkins:

The issue arises from time to time, and we can only reiterate what we have previously said, namely, that we seek on the one hand not to offend and, on the other, to render in pristine form such material as depends heavily for its authenticity on the preservation of that form. An extreme example of emasculative bowdlerization would be: "A pox on the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" To quote this column back on October 22, 1968 (p. 1052): "The question whether to print it [the obscenity] was not taken lightly, because we are on the side of decorum provided there isn't too much antimacassar dripping about. But it simply isn't possible any more to portray what is going on in so many situations around the country without portraying also the verbal licentiousness of the participants . . . The point remains that the word is used by The Militants precisely because it does still shock. And if they could think of a more shocking word, they would use it. Presumably, that being the law of usage, if their current favorite becomes truly current—if it begins, for instance, to appear regularly in, say, the columns of the *New York Times*—then, like its French counterpart, it will largely have lost its capacity to arouse attention, and The Kids will have to look for another lollipop. Until then *NR*'s policy (drumroll) is: *pas de baisant autour*. But the word will not be suppressed when the occasion absolutely requires its use. Okay?" Okay?

Cordially,
WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: WAR

Would you pass along, as of presumed general interest, the New Rules Governing the Acceptability of Advertising in *NR*? Herewith the relevant paragraphs from the memo being sent to advertisers . . .

As a sort of bellwether magazine of conservatism, NATIONAL REVIEW has quite naturally tended to attract many advertisers selling products (not only conservative books but conservative bumper-stickers, tie-clips, etc.) specially designed for the conservative market. At last the load of such advertising became too heavy, in view of the requirements of editorial balance.

Several years ago, therefore, NATIONAL REVIEW adopted a policy of not accepting any ads of an essentially "political" nature, save ads for books published by recognized trade book publishing houses or for journals of opinion published on a campus by undergraduate or graduate students. Excluded under this rule were all sorts of "political message" ads, as well as ads soliciting membership or other help for political organizations, ads selling or offering products made or distributed by a political organization, and all ads by any organization, whether political or not, which solicit money contributions from our readers.

Further experience in this general field now enables us to modify the above rule, to the extent of permitting advertisements of the types described and prohibited above (save ads soliciting money contributions) *provided* these are advertisements of one-column size, or two half-columns boxed, or larger. The rule continues, however, to apply in full force to display ads smaller than one column, and to all classified advertisements. In addition, the publisher reserves the right to decline any advertisement, of whatever size, in his discretion, for any of the above reasons or without specifying a reason.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your column in the *Washington Star* (April 2, 1979) concerned Jim Jones and his use of religion as a cover-up for his very non-religious activities.

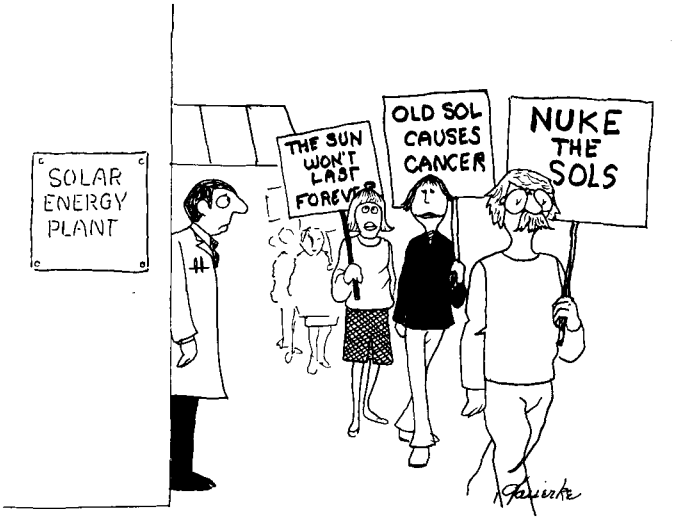
In the article you state that Jones went from the Methodist church "to the founding of his own People's Temple, with a stretch with the Seventh-Day Adventists in between."

Through the good offices of your secretary, Susan Stark, we have obtained the Accuracy in Media newsletter from which you reportedly wrote this column. It states quite clearly, on the third page, that Jones observed a service at a Seventh-Day *Baptist* church.

Jones never had any connection with our denomination or our people, and we would expect and appreciate a clarification of this fact in your column. I'm certain that you, as one who has long battled for fairness in media circles, will see the justice of our request.

Very truly yours,
James E. Chase
Seventh-Day Adventists

We regret the error. Cordially, —WFB

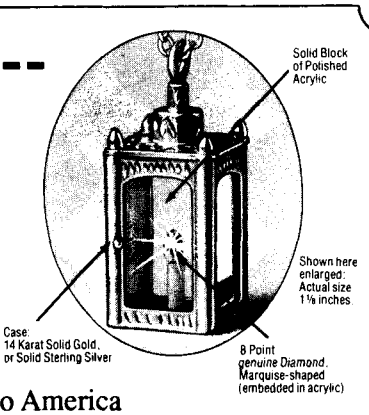


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIGHT UP HER LIFE--

Give her a Third Century Lantern Pendant — an exquisite gift of rare beauty and historic importance — with its 8 point Diamond encased in 14 Karat Solid Gold

Ideal for Anniversaries — Perfect for Birthdays — and Extraordinary for those "Special" Occasions when you wish to make an Outstanding Impression


Solid Block of Polished Acrylic
Shown here enlarged: Actual size 1⅛ inches
Case: 14 Karat Solid Gold, or Solid Sterling Silver
8 Point genuine Diamond, Marquise-shaped (embedded in acrylic)

A detailed re-creation of the historic Paul Revere - Old North Church Lantern — the famous "light" that gave birth to America

You are part of America's "Third Century" society — so is she. It is the beginning of a New Era — a fresh start. An Era with its own new symbols.

Such a symbol was created, back on April 18, 1975, when the beginning of America's Third Century was officially marked by former President Gerald R. Ford. During a nationally televised ceremony held at Boston's famous Old North Church, the President lighted the "Third Lantern for America's Third Century." It was an authentic Sterling Silver, full-size re-creation of one of the lanterns used back in 1775 when Paul Revere made his famous ride.

Our organization — the Limited Editions Collectors Society — made the authentic re-creation. Our artisans used finite drawings, detailed photos, and wax impressions of the one remaining original lantern because the re-creation *had to be perfect*. After all, the Old North Church Lantern is such an important national symbol — it is the "light" that gave birth to America.

We have since sold hundreds of authentic collector reproductions of the famous lantern, with part of the proceeds going to the Old North Church for their building maintenance fund.

In 1978, we created and introduced a small Limited Edition of a new, beautifully crafted "miniature" of the famous signal lantern in the form of an exquisite piece of jewelry — our *Third Century Lantern Pendant*. Each was an extraordinary gift item that was cast of 18 Karat Solid Gold and utilized a beautiful 10 Point Diamond to represent the lantern's flame. They sold for $450 and were completely sold out in a very short period of time

Several lower priced Registered Edition versions were also introduced ranging in price from $95 to $350. These are made of Solid Sterling Silver or 14 Karat Solid Gold and use a Crystal or an 8 Point Diamond as the flame. Although the molds and tools have now been destroyed, there are still approximately 200 Gold castings and 400 Silver castings remaining to be made into finished Pendants

The price of Silver and Gold has increased substantially since these remaining castings were fabricated; yet these Pendants are being offered at their original price, but — strictly on a "first-come, first-served" basis. Therefore, by acting promptly, before the small remaining supply is exhausted, you still have an opportunity to be among those collectors who will obtain one of these rare and unusual collector pieces.

Wearing this unique and historic Pendant subtly demonstrates pride in America's past and confidence in its future as our nation embarks on its Third Century. It makes a charming and thoughtful gift. And — what pleases a woman more than a gift of Gold or Silver and Diamonds? Whether she is a wife, a mother, a sister, or a daughter — or just a close friend, she will be enchanted when she first sees it and delighted as she displays her Third Century Lantern Pendant in public. It is a great conversation piece.

INDIVIDUALLY HANDCRAFTED

The Pendant is sturdy and solidly constructed, yet very comfortable to wear. An 8 Point Marquise-shaped Diamond, permanently locked into a block of crystal-clear acrylic, represents the flame. It cannot be lost and will keep its lustrous sparkle forever. This dazzling gemstone perfectly symbolizes the warning light sent out from Boston's Old North Church on that fateful night in 1775 marking a most critical moment in America's history.

Twenty-three separate hand-assembly operations are required to assemble each Pendant prior to final inspection by the master Goldsmith. A 12 Karat Gold-filled Chain, 24 inches long, which can be easily adjusted for casual or dress wear, is included with each Gold Pendant, and the Silver Pendants come with a Sterling Silver Chain.

The Limited Editions Collectors Society makes all of its exclusive offerings directly to the public. It is a private organization founded by a group of dedicated collectors, art lovers, and historians. The Society creates and markets authentic reproductions of historic artifacts and has received a number of important awards for excellence. In addition to creating the Official Old North Church Commemorative Lantern, used by former President Ford, the Society has been commissioned by a number of non-profit organizations, including the Winston Churchill Foundation, the United States Capitol Historical Society, the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, and the John F. Kennedy Library Fund, to create and market their official commemoratives to collectors.

In addition to its collector value, each Third Century Lantern Pendant is an extremely outstanding jewelry value. If you visit any jewelry store and examine the variety of mass-produced Pendants using similar materials, you will find that most cost more and some much more. However, none will have our Pendant's unusual combination of handcraftsmanship, rare beauty, unique design, historical significance or value as an important Commemorative.

To subscribe to this offer, just call us — toll free — at 800-225-5252 — or mail the coupon below. You may "charge" your purchase by using one of your major credit cards.

This offer is appearing in a number of publications which will reach over 4 million readers. Therefore, to avoid possible disappointment or needless delay, we recommend that you place your order promptly before the small amount of remaining Pendants (about 600 pieces) is completely sold out.

The Third Century Lantern Pendant. It is truly a captivating piece of jewelry and a gift sure to be treasured always. It is not available in stores, nor will we accept orders from stores wanting to purchase these Pendants for resale.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

We invite you to examine this remarkable Pendant value without any obligation whatsoever. Look it over. If you are not completely satisfied when it arrives, send it back for a full refund (we'll also reimburse you for whatever it costs you for postage and insurance to return it). Or, even after you have given it to that special person, if you find that she is not totally pleased, we'll buy it back. In fact, due to the very limited availability of these Pendants, we'll be glad to repurchase yours anytime within one full year from the date of your order. After all, in the long run, we don't expect Gold, Silver or Diamonds to lose their value — they never have.

Mail To: LIMITED EDITIONS COLLECTORS SOCIETY
10 Heritage Square, Hingham, MA 02043

REGISTERED EDITION

CALL TOLL FREE 800-225-5252

DIAMOND FLAME
- ☐ 14 Karat Solid Gold $350
- ☐ Sterling Silver $250

CRYSTAL FLAME
- ☐ 14 Karat Solid Gold $195
- ☐ Sterling Silver $ 95

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ CHECK ENCLOSED $ _____

CHARGE TO CREDIT CARD: ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Confirming Telephone Order ☐

_____ EXP. DATE _____
CARD NUMBER
SIGNATURE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commonwealth Impediment

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE WORLD once knew a phenomenon called the British Empire: it existed, it was real. As the imperial ties with mother Westminster loosened, and colonies became self-governing dominions, straining toward (and eventually attaining) independence, the British Commonwealth was born. It, too, was real and existed, although (such is the British tradition) it was riddled with anomalies. For instance, sterling reigned almost everywhere, but not in Canada, which was tied to the (then) almighty dollar.

Still, the British Commonwealth did mean something. The French Canadians might insist on speaking a foreign lingo, and the Boers preferred their corruption of Dutch to Shakespeare's tongue; but broadly speaking, the prevailing color was white, and the prevailing speech was English. And broadly speaking, we all loved or love-hated one another and it would never have occurred to Commonwealth countries not to fight alongside the British when a world war came along (even though many Boers had other ideas, second time round). Moreover, until the great waves of Third World independence in the Forties, Fifties, and Sixties, the Commonwealth countries were monarchical, parliamentary democracies.

Slap in the Teeth

What I am getting at is that if the Empire was real, and so was the British Commonwealth, the same is not true of the present Commonwealth of Nations, and it was never true from the start. Well-anchored fallacies take an unconscionably long time to die, although the recent circus act at Lusaka, Zambia may turn out in the long run to have been an eye-opener—when the euphoria has died down. From the moment India proclaimed itself a Republic in 1950, the Commonwealth concept was doomed (even though the British sovereign, by a semantic euphemism, remained "Head of the Commonwealth"). Now, not even trade provides a special link: imperial preferences are dead, long live the Common Market.

The 42 heads of state or government who gathered at Lusaka on August 1, mainly with the object of pillorying Margaret Thatcher, were mostly black or brown, and most of them ran dictatorships, as a rule nasty as well as ramshackle. No member of the old Commonwealth would have slapped the mother country in the teeth as Nigeria did when it seized British Petroleum's assets on the eve of the conference. It would not have occurred to Australia or Canada, in the old days, to welcome a practicing terrorist leader, as the President of Zambia welcomed Joshua Nkomo. The Commonwealth, which for some years had been merely an expensive and useless anachronism, must now be seen for what it is: a dangerous and damaging impediment to a real British foreign policy.

It is fair to say that Mrs. Thatcher's government—the most hopeful turn in British and world affairs for years—is a good deal less impressive in foreign affairs and defense than on the home front. It is almost as if Europe's first woman Prime Minister presided over two governments, not one. The "home" government is refreshingly radical, fulfilling election promises with alacrity and acting to rescue the country from the morass into which it has been plunged by more than three decades of "social democracy" (and latterly of left-wing socialism).

The "foreign and defense" government is cautious, conformist, and heavily under the deadening influence of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO) bureaucracy (successor to the old, separate Foreign Office and Commonwealth Office), with its hereditary propensity for getting awkward questions wrong, most usually out of a mistaken appreciation of national interests. The last time the Foreign Office got an important issue right in time for it to matter was in the 1930s when Sir Robert Vansittart, its permanent head, tried consistently to warn his political masters about the renewed danger of German militarism. Alas, the masters were appeasers.

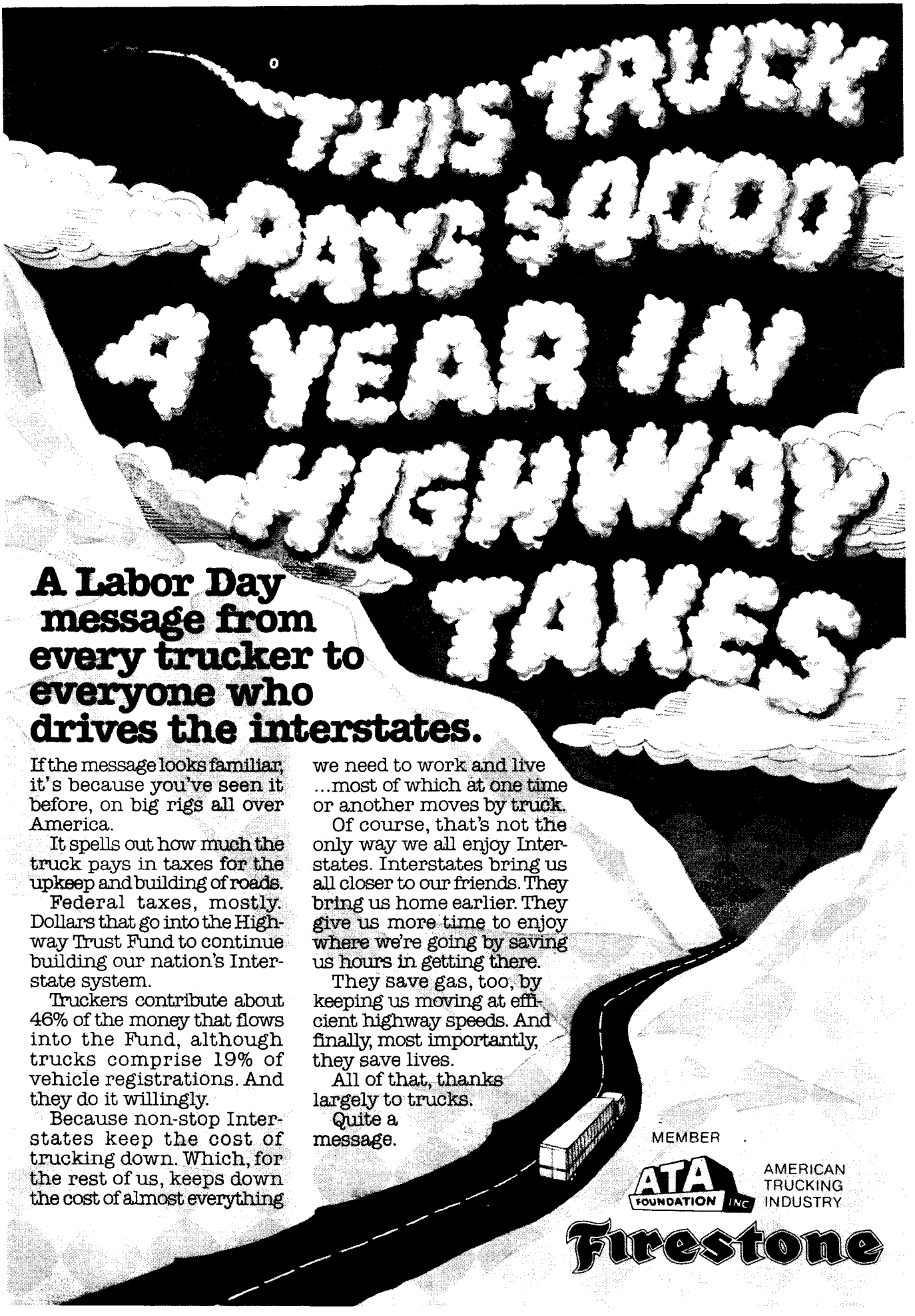
From the forced repatriation of anti-Communist Soviet citizens and the hard-faced opposition to the Jewish Exodus from Europe into Palestine, to the bureaucratic stifling of official research on Communism only the other day, the FO/FCO does have a talent for counseling the course of action most likely to be judged wrong as history moves on. Today, in bulk, the mandarins of the Diplomatic Service are appeasement-minded. They lost no time in talking the new Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, out of any possible wish (in the short term) to stand up to the bullies of the Patriotic Front in Rhodesia and the thugs or mere dictators in power elsewhere in Africa. This was termed "educating the Foreign Secretary on African realities."

An End to It

That is why the Nigerian take-over of BP assets is so hopeful for a stronger British foreign policy. For the policy of the mandarins (nothing, but nothing, to offend Black Africa) was designed, above all else, to prevent such things as the BP take-over. Now that it has been shown that, as in the 1930s and at all other times, appeasement does not pay, will it be easier for the Prime Minister to put her imprint on foreign policy as she did immediately on the home front? The Rhodesian formula worked out at Lusaka is not encouraging.

A radical foreign policy requires, as a preliminary, the discarding of inherited impediments, such as the UN and the Commonwealth. The Wilson government abdicated his country's sovereign responsibility when he handed the Rhodesian problem over to the UN. The present government has not (yet) reasserted its sovereignty (although Mrs. Thatcher came close to it when she told Parliament that only Britain could decide whether Salisbury was still in rebellion against the British Crown). As for the dismal fiction called the Commonwealth, if it obliges a British Prime Minister to listen to the homilies of a President Nyerere (who heads a bankrupt collectivist state), of a vengeful Flight Lieutenant Jerry Rawlings (Ghana), or an acquisitive General Abasanjo (Nigeria), then it is ripe for formal dissolution. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Labor Day message from every trucker to everyone who drives the interstates.

If the message looks familiar, it's because you've seen it before, on big rigs all over America.

It spells out how much the truck pays in taxes for the upkeep and building of roads.

Federal taxes, mostly. Dollars that go into the Highway Trust Fund to continue building our nation's Interstate system.

Truckers contribute about 46% of the money that flows into the Fund, although trucks comprise 19% of vehicle registrations. And they do it willingly.

Because non-stop Interstates keep the cost of trucking down. Which, for the rest of us, keeps down the cost of almost everything we need to work and live ...most of which at one time or another moves by truck.

Of course, that's not the only way we all enjoy Interstates. Interstates bring us all closer to our friends. They bring us home earlier. They give us more time to enjoy where we're going by saving us hours in getting there.

They save gas, too, by keeping us moving at efficient highway speeds. And finally, most importantly, they save lives.

All of that, thanks largely to trucks.

Quite a message.

MEMBER

ATA FOUNDATION INC

AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

Firestone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

\$89 MILLION A YEAR

Three national Administrations have dragged their heels; nine state universities have surrendered. One still stands, obdurate. And so Joseph L. Rauh Jr. freedom-rides on a sweltering bus

Colonel Shaw v. North Carolina

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Joseph L. Rauh Jr. rides a bus through the still-segregated South. He's been doing civil rights work for years now: general counsel of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights since 1964; member of the national board of directors of the NAACP; attorney for the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund (LDF). All that work—and still so much to do. National Guardsmen patrol the aisles, the stuffy air swelters. Signs flash by: Stuckey's, Phillips 66. Behind Rauh sit Colonel Shaw's bronze black soldiers.

"Bronze black soldiers" is of course a metaphor. Colonel Robert Shaw fought in the Civil War, at the head of the first black regiment in the United States Army, the 54th Massachusetts volunteers. Shaw, a Boston Brahmin, died, age 26, leading the volunteers in an assault on Fort Wagner, South Carolina. Twenty years later, Boston erected a monument to his memory. Augustus Saint-Gaudens designed it; Robert Lowell mentioned it in a poem, Charles Ives described it in a piece of music. And so Colonel Shaw stands today on Boston Common, in bronze, with his bronze black soldiers at his back.

And likewise Joseph Rauh rides through the still-segregated South, with the NAACP LDF at his back; his target, no tangible fort, but the university systems of ten states, last bastions and battlements of segregation. For ten years, Rauh and the NAACP LDF have pressed their case. Three national Administrations have dragged their heels; nine state universities have surrendered. One still stands, obdurate. And so Rauh freedom-rides on a sweltering bus, past the Stuckey's signs and the menacing, sullen stares of rednecks like . . .

William Friday, president of the University of North Carolina. Perhaps Rauh's eyesight is deceiving him, for though it is possible to imagine President Friday behaving menacingly—particularly where his beloved university is concerned—it is inconceivable that he could be sullen. Friday personifies energy. He became president of the University of North Carolina at age 36; he has been president for 23 years; and he could probably go, on momentum alone, for 23 more. Next to Friday in the crowd of seething natives is North Carolina Governor James Hunt—a Carter supporter, a moderate liberal, elected in 1976 with liberal, labor, and black support. Stranger still. And there is also Charles Morgan Jr., a civil rights lawyer himself, a former director of the Washington office of the ACLU, now retained by the University of North Carolina: Friday's university.

Next to Morgan, there are five men—Lewis Dowdy, H. Douglas Covington, Albert Whiting, Charles Lyons Jr., Marion Thorpe—five black men, chancellors of five component institutions of the University of North Carolina. Why are all these people staring at Joe Rauh?

'Racial Duality'

The answer is, they are not staring at Raun. There is no bus, no bronze black soldiers, perhaps not even in Rauh's imagination. The struggle of the University of North Carolina against the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (prodded by the NAACP LDF) is long and complicated, not reducible to New Journalistic tricks. Yet I put this fantasy (a fantasy of civil rights battles twenty and one hundred twenty years old) at the beginning, as a kind of symbolic benchmark—for one of the lessons of the University's struggle is how far and how errantly a cause can roll once it gets the inertia of the Federal Government behind it.

North Carolina chartered its first state-supported college in 1789. Over the next 150 years, the state created or took over 15 more colleges. Seven of these were restricted to minorities—Pembroke State was founded for Indians; the University of North Carolina at Greensboro was originally for women. Five colleges—more than in any other state—were set aside for blacks.

North Carolina ended racial segregation in its university system in 1957. A number of factors, however, conspired to keep enrollments lopsidedly white or black until well into the Seventies. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old black colleges tended to be smaller and poorer, and hence were unable to compete for white students. Black students tended to have lower test scores, and hence were unable to compete with white students for slots in the old white schools. Pride and habit also played—still play—a part. After forty, fifty, seventy years, the old black colleges had accumulated traditions and alumni; and many blacks felt the same affection for them that Catholics feel for Notre Dame. For whatever reason, by 1973 only 3.7 per cent of the students at the traditional white colleges were black; and only 5.6 per cent of the students at the traditional black schools were white. Over 80 per cent of the black college students in the North Carolina system went to formerly all-black schools.

Similar conditions existed in other states; and in 1970, civil rights groups in ten states filed suit against HEW for its failure to crack down. The unused weapon in HEW's hands, the plaintiffs charged, was federal funds. Every state university system takes millions of dollars from Washington each year; and Washington is forbidden, by Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, to pump that money into segregated systems. In February 1973, Judge John Pratt of the U.S. District Court in Washington ordered HEW to take action. HEW and the University of North Carolina sent plans and proposals back and forth, and, by June 1974, Washington had approved the University's plan to end "racial duality."

An awkward phrase, "racial duality" was nevertheless the key to the University of North Carolina's position. The University denied the charge that it was segregated; "segregation" is a conscious, official policy and was abolished in 1957. On the other hand, the effects of segregation (as reflected in the figures above) lingered on—concerning which, the 1974 plan was blunt: "The ultimate goal is to eliminate racial self-consciousness from public higher education in this state." The Board of Governors of the university, then, were not educational night-riders, George Wallaces standing in their own school-house doors. "At no time," President Friday insisted to me, "has the University of North Carolina adopted a position of defiance."

The University's strategy was twofold: to upgrade the traditionally black colleges, while continuing to try to draw black students into the old white schools. From 1972 to 1978, operational funding for the entire system rose 124 per cent; funding for the formerly black schools rose over 150 per cent. The state appropriated $28 million for capital improvements in the traditionally black colleges; the University had asked for $37 million more. By 1978, 10 per cent of the students at the formerly black schools were white. Black enrollment in the old white schools had doubled as well: by 1978, 6.2 per cent of their students were black (the University of California's black enrollment is 3.7 per cent; the State University of New York's is 5.2 per cent; Harvard's is an even 5 per cent). Black enrollment at Chapel Hill law school accounted for 8 per cent of the student body (national average: 4.5 per cent); black enrollment in the University's medical schools was 13.8 per cent, third highest in the nation.

These changes satisfied everyone but the civil rights lobby. In August 1975, the NAACP LDF took HEW to court again. North Carolina and five other states were charged with having inadequate plans, and the LDF urged Judge Pratt to order HEW to issue new, more specific directions. The response of the HEW bureaucrats was curious: till the summer of 1976, they assured North Carolina that its plans satisfied them. In January 1977, however, the Office of Civil Rights suddenly reversed itself; North Carolina's plans were now declared, in a deposition submitted to Pratt, to lack "clarity and specificity," and HEW should "get about the business of changing them." In April 1977, Judge Pratt once again ruled in favor of the LDF.

HEW came out with new criteria in July. From July to December, Washington and North Carolina exchanged memos.

Two points in the new criteria troubled the University. The first was the so-called 150 per cent rule, requiring a 150 per cent increase in the number of black freshmen at formerly white schools by 1982. "It is not clear," the University responded drily, "why this precise rate was chosen." From 1976 to 1977, the growth in black enrollment at old white schools exceeded HEW's rate. But enrollment generally was slowing down, and the University refused to commit itself to a rate it might not be able to meet. If HEW wanted proof of good faith, the University argued, it should be satisfied with the best that North Carolina could do.

The second point was far more offensive. HEW ordered the University "to submit proposals for any major change in the operations of the state system which may directly or indirectly affect or impede the achievement of its desegregation goals to the Office of Civil Rights (OCR) for review ninety days prior to their adoption." This, in the University's view, amounted to setting up an extra Board of Governors in Washington. HEW relented to the extent of requiring the University to "advise OCR of major changes prior to their adoption." North Carolina agreed.

Working with Experts

HEW was not done, however. On January 18, 1978, David Tatel, director of OCR, summoned Ray Dawson, former dean of Chapel Hill, and Cleon Thomson, vice president of student services, to Atlanta in the middle of an ice storm to discuss a paragraph of the July criteria. What Tatel had in mind was duplication. Duplicate facilities had been one of the hallmarks—an inevitable consequence—of the old Southern system: duplicate bathrooms, duplicate drinking fountains, duplicate colleges; and HEW in July had ordered North Carolina to eliminate all "educationally unnecessary" remnants of the system. Tatel now informed his stunned guests what the phrase "educationally unnecessary" meant. Working with anonymous "education experts," OCR had concluded that liberal-arts studies at the undergraduate level "traditionally" covered nine areas—biological sciences, foreign languages, mathematics, psychology, letters, fine and applied arts, physical education, physical science, social science. Anything more was superfluous, and North Carolina would be required to make a study of all its extra programs, and decide which should be eliminated or transferred. "We wish to emphasize," Tatel wrote solemnly to William Friday on January 27, "that the duplicate programs to be selected for elimination . . . are matters entirely within the state's discretion."

As an analysis of present-day educa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, the OCR's proposal was fatuous. OCR's "core curriculum" badly ignored some of the most popular and practical programs, such as business administration. A school stripped of these programs would be crippled. "We want a complete college," I was told by Lewis Dowdy, chancellor of North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State.

Yet in fact the OCR proposal had nothing to do with education. It was purely a racial tool: a device to fine-tune the color of students' skins, a college-level equivalent of busing—except that departments would be bused instead of people. Students, so the theory went, follow courses; and if a popular department is moved five, or thirty, or a hundred miles across the state, the racial mix it now attracts would go along with it. Nor are these distances imaginary—North Carolina's colleges, black and white, are scattered about the state, and one HEW official asked President Friday why he couldn't move the nursing school from Greensboro to Fayetteville.

Faced with this, the University of North Carolina balked. On February 2, Secretary Califano rejected its "desegregation" plans, and the University sought legal counsel.

From the sidelines, the NAACP LDF urged HEW to pick up the pace. On February 14, Califano offered a 45-day extension of negotiations before he moved to cut off federal funds; while President Carter promised that federal money to start new programs would not be cut off altogether, but deferred after case-by-case review. "That is a civil rights retreat," Joseph Rauh told the *Washington Post*. "I think the way to enforce the law is to enforce the law. . . . It is time to stop playing patty-cake with people who violate the law."

The 45-day grace period passed, and Califano threatened to cut off funds by May 1 if the University didn't compromise. On May 12, Washington and North Carolina finally agreed: HEW would send its annual gift of $89 million, if North Carolina would complete a study of duplicated courses. Joseph Rauh attacked the settlement. "This was clearly a political decision; Califano was burned by a tobacco leaf."

This time, Rauh was half right. Califano's anti-smoking and anti-"segregation" campaigns bade fair to make him the first Cabinet secretary in recent history to lose a state's electoral votes for his boss singlehandedly—if losing the state's primary votes did not deprive the boss of a crack at the electoral votes. Rauh's formulation, however, begs the question whether North Carolina's voters may not be right to resent an elected representative who caters to the whims of a fanatical lobby.

Separate and Unequal

In December 1978, the University of North Carolina threw down the gauntlet. In a decision that must have looked like rank arrogance to Washington, and a labored justification of common sense to themselves, the University concluded that there were no "educationally unnecessary" program duplications in its system. Courses in the "same" subjects at the different colleges were not interchangeable educational cinder-blocks, but took their purposes and character from their institutions. The home economics department at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical runs a local Day Care Center, and reflects the university's origins as a land-grant school. The home economics department at UNC Greensboro survives from Greensboro's days as the state's Woman's College, and offers the only doctoral program in the field in North Carolina. The parks and recreation management program at UNC Raleigh specializes in forestry and conservation. The "same" programs at North Carolina Central and Chapel Hill prepare their students for physical education work with the poor and the handicapped.

Califano meditated on North Carolina's response for three months. Indeed, he meditated beyond March 14, by which time he was to have submitted the results of his meditations to Judge Pratt. Promptly on March 15, the LDF asked Pratt to find Califano in contempt. On March 26, Califano rejected the University's conclusions and began administrative proceedings against it.

At this point—that is, ten years after the LDF's first complaint—the University made an aggressive move of its own. On April 2, the State of North Carolina sued in District Court in Raleigh to enjoin HEW from cutting off federal funds and from subjecting the University to administrative proceedings.

If it accomplished nothing else, the suit at least temporarily froze the ubiquitous Rauh out of the case. The LDF represents the original litigants, pursuing a complaint against HEW in Washington; it has no standing in North Carolina's action. As it turned out, the suit accomplished a good deal more. Judge Dupree ruled in Raleigh that the administrative proceedings mandated by Title VI could continue; HEW was forbidden, however, to make piecemeal deferrals of federal money until the proceedings had run their course. "No litigant," Dupree wrote, "should have to battle against a Kafkaesque bureaucracy in which it is beckoned to the negotiating table while being pressured into compliance through the threat of 'deferrals' which are part and parcel of the original controversy." More important, Dupree left open the possibility that North Carolina could come back to his court if not satisfied with the final administrative decision. Rauh and Co., in other words, would still be out in the cold.

While the legal artillery fires on the heights, the irregulars skirmish in the swamps. There was, for instance, the matter of the autoclaves. Late in February, Mr. Tatel and Dr. Mary Berry, assistant secretary for education at HEW, conducted a lightning tour of the North Carolina system designed to prove that the traditionally black colleges were worthless backwaters. Miss Berry and Mr. Tatel counted autoclaves, a kind of pressure-cooker used for sterilizing laboratory tools. At UNC Raleigh (formerly white) they found forty. At North Carolina Central—formerly black—they found one. The government sleuths reported their tallies to the *New York Times*, whose readers were left to conclude that all whites are born with autoclaves, yet everywhere blacks are still in chains. Discreetly concealed was the fact that Central is a liberal arts college with a law school, while Raleigh is a major research institution. Miss Berry and Mr. Tatel might just as well have counted autoclaves at MIT and Juilliard—or law books at Central and Raleigh—except there would have been no racial axe to grind.

Next month came the magic $90 million. All would be well, HEW announced, if the cheapskates in North

(Continues on page 1111)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MEMORANDUM

Subversive Nature of Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes

R. L. CONDER

In 1971, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, at the request of the President of the United States, began an intensive investigation into the subversive effects of fairy tales and nursery rhymes on the American populace. During the course of this covert operation, the FBI put together a list of fairy tales and nursery rhymes determined to be subversive because of their failure to comply with federal regulations and/or the clear and present danger they created for the people of the United States. What follows is an excerpt from the Justice Department memorandum classified: TOP SECRET.

Justice Department Memorandum on the Subversive Nature of Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes

1. *Jack and Jill* should not be allowed to go up the hill to fetch a pail of water. OSHA studies conclusively indicate a fall could result from such activity.

RECOMMENDATION: Compliance with OSHA standards would necessitate the relocation of the well to the base of the hill where a 36-inch-high iron fence would be constructed to circumvent the perimeter of the well. Further, rubber mats should be placed wherever water carriers will walk, to help eliminate the possibility of falls.

2. The *Three Men in a Tub* were found to be in violation of maritime law in a number of different areas. A partial list follows:

A. Failure to register a sea-going craft
B. Failure to carry personal floatation devices
C. Questionable sea-worthiness of craft

RECOMMENDATION: The United States Coast Guard should be instructed to impound the tub.

3. *Moon-Jumping Cows* present a danger to military and commercial aircraft.

RECOMMENDATION: Cows who persist in jumping over the moon must file flight plans with the FAA. They must also be the holders of qualified pilot's licenses.

4. *Curds and Whey* have been found to have cancer-causing properties. At the present time, Little Miss Muffet is undergoing tests.

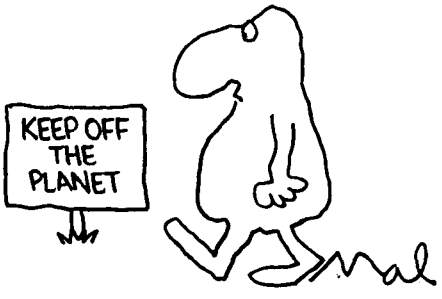
5. *Candlestick Jumping* has been determined to be hazardous for both participants and spectators.

RECOMMENDATION: A special committee under the direction of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare should be established to license qualified professional candlestick jumpers and oversee their activities. The committee should establish guidelines for safe candlestick-jumping practices, i.e., height of candle, distance of jump, use of fire-retardant material, etc.

6. *Shoes* have been found by the Department of Housing and Urban Development to be unsuitable for human habitation.
or children living in shoes should be moved to permanent government housing projects. Shoes now serving as habitations should be condemned.

7. The *Rumpelstiltskin* case, a subversive attempt to undermine the world's gold standard, shows clearly the need for tighter controls on the methods of refining precious metals.

RECOMMENDATION: The Federal Reserve Board should be the regulatory agency responsible for control of spinning wheels and straw. Further, the spinning of straw into gold should be made illegal by federal statute unless such act shall be performed by authorized government agencies.



8. The changing of *Frogs* into princes and vice versa points to the need for stricter government control in cases of species change.

RECOMMENDATION: A committee under direction of Health, Education, and Welfare should be established to set medical standards for species and/or sex changes.

9. The problems between *Peter Piper* and *Pepper* proprietors point positively to a need for practical pepper-picking policies. Improper pepper-picking procedures, by pound and peck, periodically preclude pepper pickers and pepper producers from promoting products and properly pocketing pepper profits.

RECOMMENDATION: Limitless litigation could lessen the likelihood of leveling labor and landlords and lengthen the latent lassitude. Lately, the livid language between laymen and landowners and the layered lawsuits have left lamentable lacerations. Laudably, a legation, led by the Labor Department, lessened the lunky by means of leveling legislation.

10. The term "pig" in the story of the *Three Little Pigs* was found to have a sexist connotation.

RECOMMENDATION: The use of the word "hog" as a substitute.

11. The Justice Department has issued a statement to the effect that the word "red" as contained in the name *Little Red Riding Hood* refers only to color and not to any political ideology.

RECOMMENDATION: Nevertheless, so as to avoid any further confusion, another color could be substituted. A list of possible alternatives follows:

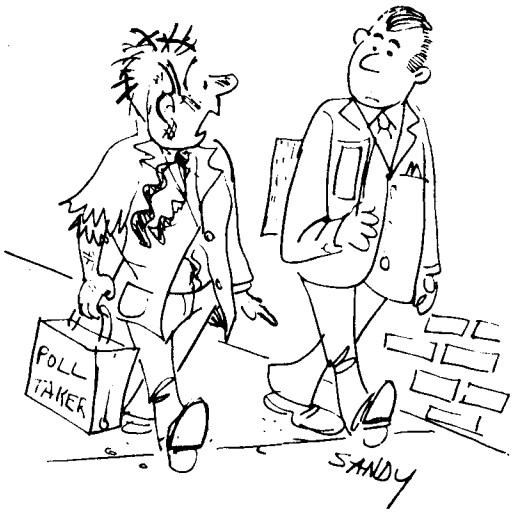
A. White—rejected, possibly racist
B. Black—rejected, possibly racist
C. Yellow—rejected, possibly racist
D. Blue—rejected, connotes unhappiness
E. Green—rejected, connotes envy
F. Purple—rejected, connotes jealousy
G. Orange—rejected, connotes anti-homosexual

The final selection was Little Chartreuse Riding Hood. □

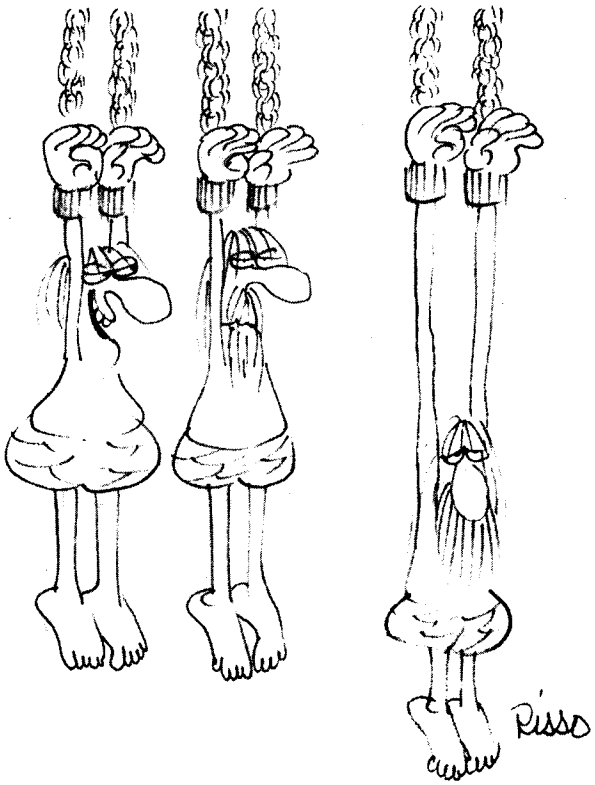
Mr. Conder is a free-lance writer who lives in Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help!!!!



"The age of public apathy is over."



"Sure looks like he's been in for a long stretch . . ."

RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH
BROOKINS
HE'S BEEN THAT WAY SINCE THE HARRIS POLL CAME OUT SHOWING PRESIDENT CARTER'S POPULARITY IS THE LOWEST OF ANY PRESIDENT IN MODERN TIMES..
7-11-79

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm looking for a congenial woman—about thirty—who likes nature, appreciates good music and literature, is independent but not arrogant, and who has an even license number."

Loyalty

A dog is loyal unto death;
  A valet's loyal while you're there.
Praetorians were sometimes true,
  And sometimes they preferred the heir.
I'm loyal to the U.S.A.
  And to the line from which I've sprung,
But I can't see how Carter can
  Be loyal to the likes of Young.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION

Counting the Sheep

DANIEL OLIVER

A GALLUP POLL recently released by the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer reveals that a substantial majority of Episcopalians—63 per cent—prefers the traditional, 1928 Book of Common Prayer to the proposed revised prayer book. This information should have a major effect on the legislative action of the Church's triennial General Convention in Denver next month. But many think it will not—and that way lies danger: the unmaking not only of the four-hundred-year-old Book of Common Prayer, but also perhaps of the Episcopal Church.

Some of the Church's leaders may find Gallup's information surprising. At a meeting of the Church's bishops last October it was reported that there was only "spotty interest" in the 1928 Prayer Book, that "possibly 5 per cent" of Episcopalians are concerned about the traditional book.

This March, Dr. Charles Lawrence, the president of the House of Deputies (one of the Church's two legislative houses), said, "I think there is very little sentiment for [retaining the 1928 Prayer Book as an alternative] in the Church at large. At least not a significant amount of support for that." Lawrence and the others are wrong, though there may be a possible explanation for their ignorance.

The Gallup poll indicates that 63 per cent of Episcopalians prefer the 1928 Prayer Book, as against 23 per cent who prefer the revised book. However, 72 per cent are unaware that, without special action by the Convention authorizing continued use of the 1928 book, its use will become illegal. Consequently, they have not been lobbying for the 1928 book. That may explain why Episcopal Church leaders have thought so few people cared about the issue.

At the Church's last Convention, in 1976, a special committee was appointed to determine the desire of Episcopalians in this matter. Its chairman, Ralph Spence of Tyler, Texas, has telephone numbers listed for his home, his office, and his mobile phone. Mr. Spence may have spent the last three years parked under a bridge. His report to the coming Convention gives no hint of the depth of feeling for the 1928 book revealed by the Gallup poll.

The Church's national headquarters in New York City, meanwhile, commissioned a poll which it said included "virtually all the information requested by the State of the Church Committee, the staff at Church Center, Venture in Mission, and others." But the poll had not a single direct question on the prayer-book issue. And those questions that did allude to the traditional and revised books were worded so obliquely as to reveal little about the preferences of Episcopalians—though if the intent was to reveal nothing at all, it was not wholly successful. The people polled were asked which of 15 suggested aspects of parish life they liked best. "New Prayer Book" came in last.

WILL THE Convention authorize continued use of the 1928 book as an alternative? That is, perhaps, the most important question facing the Episcopal Church—more important even than women priests or ordained homosexuals. The question is important not only because of what Gallup has revealed —that 71 per cent of Episcopalians want such special action taken if it is necessary (it is)—but also because of what failure to take such action will say about the governing process in the Episcopal Church. Is it controlled by an entrenched elite, primarily professional (clergy), with influential allies among the laity? Or is it really the democracy it appears to be on paper?

The Gallup poll indicates that 80 per cent of the clergy—the professionals—prefer the new prayer book, as opposed to the 63 per cent of the laity who prefer the traditional book. Clearly the shepherds and the sheep are going in opposite directions—and where the shepherds are going is to the Convention to do the voting.

The Episcopal Church's legislative organization is bi-cameral, with about 130 bishops sitting in the House of Bishops, and 371 clerical delegates and 371 lay delegates (many of whom have been handpicked by clergy) sitting in the House of Deputies. About 57 per cent of the legislators, therefore, are clergy. But of the three million Episcopalians in the U.S. only 8,200 are clergy. So the 80 per cent of the clergy who prefer the new book number about 6,500, whereas the 63 per cent of the laity who prefer the 1928 book number over 1.8 million.

When they hear of Gallup's findings, no doubt some of the clergy will dismiss them, claiming, with Mr. Spence, that the laity "haven't studied" the new book, or haven't even read it. (It remains to be settled which is dumber: to have read the new book and to have liked it, or not to have read it and not to have liked it.) But in fact the new book has been in "trial use" for years and has been widely advertised by the clergy, who, as Gallup has shown, overwhelmingly prefer it.

Episcopalians have tried the new book, and the majority has liked neither the change in style nor the change in content. Malcolm Muggeridge notes that we live in the reality, not of the Word made flesh, but of the flesh made word. Episcopalians have known that instinctively for years. Change the word and you may change the reality. They have rejected the changes.

Now that Gallup's figures on prayer-book preference are out, what will the Episcopalians' "representatives" do at the Convention? Is the Episcopal Church, which has room for two—perhaps soon even three—sexes to officiate at the altar roomy enough for two prayer books? The Anglican Churches in England and Australia are.

Will the delegates to the Denver Convention decide they alone know what's best for the Episcopal Church? Gallup has counted the sheep. Now will the shepherds feed them? □

Mr. Oliver is a contributing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIAN CHRISTIANS IN THE CATACOMBS

Down and Out in the American Embassy

KEVIN LYNCH

OF THE FEW THINGS known about Yuri Vlasenko, two stand out: he wanted to leave the Soviet Union; he is dead.

Late on the afternoon of March 28, Vice Consul Robert Pringle walked outside the U.S. Embassy in Moscow to escort Vlasenko past the Soviet guards who patrol the three entrances to the Embassy. Once inside, Vlasenko asked that the Embassy issue him an exit visa to leave the Soviet Union. When Pringle told him that only Soviet authorities could grant his request, the would-be émigré, a 27-year-old merchant seaman, reportedly revealed a home-made bomb, which he threatened to detonate if refused the exit visa. The bomb elevated the episode into a matter for the U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, Malcolm Toon.

Though only Toon knows exactly what happened then, Western news accounts reported that he tried to negotiate with Vlasenko, but eventually gave up and turned the matter over to Soviet authorities, telling them, he later recounted, that "it was their responsibility and they should handle it the way they saw fit." The Soviets handled it by lobbing tear gas into the consular area where Vlasenko was confined and, when that failed to oust him, bringing in a marksman. The marksman had fired two shots when Vlasenko detonated his bomb, killing himself.

Instead of hushing up the incident, Soviet authorities capitalized on it. *Izvestia* charged the American Embassy with "cowardice" and "unseemly" behavior that reflected an attitude of: "Let Russians rather than Americans be killed." The paper then got to the point it wanted seared on the consciousness of all Soviet citizens: "This is not the only case when Embassy members have established contacts with dubious persons and invited them into the Embassy. One would hope that the incident will serve as a lesson."

Whether or not the incident will serve as a lesson for Vlasenko's countrymen, one thing is sure: it served as a lesson for Ambassador Toon. In a report from Moscow a few weeks later, *New York Times* correspondent David K. Shipler wrote that Toon had instituted regulations making it virtually impossible for Soviet citizens to enter the U.S. Embassy in Moscow or U.S. consulates in Leningrad or Kiev unless they either could furnish permission from Soviet authorities in the form of a passport or were personally known to American officials. Prior to the incident, diplomats from the Embassy regularly escorted people past the Soviet guards; now, said Shipler, U.S. "diplomats appear unwilling to continue the practice for unknown Russians, partly because of the physical risk and partly because the officer who escorted the man into the Embassy grounds has received a negative efficiency report that is expected to damage his career." In May, Pringle and his negative efficiency report were transferred to South Africa, probably owing to the absence of a U.S. consulate in Siberia.

In contrast to *Izvestia*, the Western press maintained its cool. The few papers that mentioned Vlasenko's death treated it much the same way New York papers report a mugging on the subway. After all, Vlasenko isn't the first person to die trying to leave the Soviet Union.

BUT FOR SEVEN residents of Moscow the death was far from routine. The seven are themselves would-be émigrés, and all the while the tragedy of Yuri Vlasenko was being played out, they were, like him, inside the U.S. Embassy.

In June of last year, six members of the Peter Vashchenko family left their home in Chernogorsk, Siberia. The Vashchenkos are Christians, members of a sect called Christians of the Evangelical Faith, commonly known as Pentecostals, one of the fastest-growing and most persecuted religious groups in the Soviet Union. With them they carried official invitations from an American, the Reverend Cecil Williamson Jr. of Selma, Alabama, who has promised to sponsor them in the United States. Soviet authorities had persistently rejected their applications to emigrate, so they decided to seek the counsel of the American Embassy. On June 27 of last year, six members of this family—Peter and Augustina, and four of their 13 children (daughters Lidia, Liubov, and Lilia, and Ioan, their 16-year-old son)—along with two members of another Chernogorsk family,

Mr. Lynch is the Executive Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW *in charge of articles.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maria Petrovna Chmykhalova and her son Timofei, approached the Embassy.

The Pentecostals knew they would have to dodge the guards. Seven of them made it. But from the safety of the Embassy they watched the guards hustle Ioan away. His arrest turned what was intended to be a brief consultation into a confinement now nearing its 14th month. From years of jousting with Soviet authorities, the Vashchenkos had learned how to maximize whatever leverage they have in their encounters with the state. They chose to remain inside the Embassy until they received assurances of Ioan's safety. Thirteen days later they got a telephone call from their children in Chernogorsk. The police had brought Ioan home two days earlier. He had been beaten. The children implored their parents to remain inside the Embassy until they received a firm guarantee from the Soviets that all 15 Vashchenkos would not suffer reprisals or, better, would be allowed to emigrate. Unless they made it this time, the children said, none of them would ever make it out. This was the Vashchenkos' sixth visit to the Embassy, and this time they had committed an unforgivable offense. They had sullied the image of the socialist motherland.

The Vashchenkos first collided with Soviet law back in 1962, during the most violent anti-religious campaigns since the Thirties. In the years since, they have endured constant harassment and persecution, all carefully documented in a recent issue of *Religion in Communist Dominated Areas*, published by the Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies.

Three of the girls—Lidia, Liubov, and Nadezhda—were sent in 1963 to a boarding school for orphaned children in Achinsk, a 24-hour train ride from Chernogorsk. It was six months before someone smuggled word of the girls' whereabouts to their parents, who then arranged clandestine meetings with them in believers' homes, in cemeteries, any place they wouldn't be discovered. A year went by before the authorities permitted the parents to see their daughters, and even then they had to agree not to talk of God or religion. The room where they met was divided into three parts: one for the parents, one for the girls, and one for their teachers. After a few of these sanctioned meetings, the family returned to meeting in secret, which it did until the girls were old enough to leave school.

Other members of the family have suffered other punishments. The oldest boy, Aleksandr, is now confined in a labor camp in the Krasnoiarsk territory for refusing to serve in the Soviet army. After his attempted visit to the U.S. Embassy in 1968, the authorities arrested Peter and placed him in a psychiatric ward—his insanity, his examiner told him, manifested itself in a desire to emigrate—followed by a year of hard labor. (Actually, Peter Vashchenko is doubly insane. In the eyes of Soviet psychiatry, belief in God is a symptom of psychological illness.) At the same time, Augustina, Peter's wife, and Natalia, his sister, were sentenced to three years in prison. Natalia never recovered completely from her imprisonment and died last November, while her brother was inside the Embassy.

An Embassy source, who (not desiring a transfer to South Africa) requests anonymity, reports that when the families first arrived at the Embassy well over a year ago, they were allowed to take up residence in the waiting room of the consular section, enabling them to come in contact with visitors to the Embassy. Late last August, however, when gentle persuasion failed to coax them to leave, the Embassy turned off the charm.

Ambassador Toon wrote to them suggesting that they leave. Their presence, the letter said, was jeopardizing other believers' chances to emigrate. According to Lidia Vashchenko, the official who read them the letter (Toon has never met them himself) suggested that American Christians haven't intervened because they consider the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs to be fanatics. When this harangue failed to drive them out to the KGB cars that had mysteriously arrived in front of the Embassy, Toon had the families shunted to a 20- by 12-foot room far removed from the mainstream of Embassy life, in an area the Embassy's Marine guards refer to as the "dungeon."

They have been made as uncomfortable as possible. No longer are they allowed Embassy food; however, they are well fed, thanks to an Embassy staffer who stands in Moscow's endless queues to gather foodstuffs for them.

Since last August, Embassy policy has forbidden all but

Front row (left to right): Liubov and Lidia Vashchenko, Timofei Chmykhalov, Lilia Vashchenko
Back row: Peter and Augustina Vashchenko, Maria Chmykhalova
In waiting room of American Embassy in Moscow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a few people—the Protestant and Catholic chaplains among them—to visit the families. Up until November, they had no radio, presumably lest they take heart from messages of support beamed from beyond the Iron Curtain.

Ambassador Toon has forbidden all press photographs of the Pentecostals inside their quarters. While press interviews are permitted, there is one catch: they must be conducted outdoors, even in winter.

Up until June, the Embassy rejected requests by ABC and NBC to film reports on the families, but the occasion

Working together, the Soviets and Americans have almost completely insulated the two families from the outside world

of their first anniversary inside the Embassy forced Toon to bend. Even then, he would allow television cameras only as far as the courtyard.

The taping went smoothly, and the Vashchenko and Chmykhalov supporters in the U.S. waited anxiously for the interviews to be broadcast. A few minutes of national exposure, the feeling was, would be enough to impress their plight on the conscience of the nation. Apparently, other people also realized this. After spending thousands of dollars ferrying television crews to Moscow, somebody pulled the plug. With the exception of Alabama, whose citizens bombarded their local stations with demands that the interviews be shown, the families got their message into few living rooms.

The Embassy's policy on mail for the families is that it will deliver any and all mail that arrives through the "international" route, i.e., through the Soviet postal service. Last Christmas, a group of Alabama Christians, led by Jane Drake, mounted a Christmas card campaign that generated more than seven thousand cards. Through her sources, Mrs. Drake learned that only ten cards trickled through to the families. Of the tens of thousands of letters sent through the international route since they first took asylum in the Embassy, only twenty to thirty have reached the dungeon. Ambassador Toon detects a silver lining in the Soviet blockade, however. In a recent letter to James A. Gittings, Associate Editor of AD Publications Incorporated, a religious publishing house, Toon assured him that "this is not a complete loss since the large number of letters which are never delivered may serve at least to help inform the Soviet government about the concern of American citizens for the fate of these Soviet Christians." No member of the Embassy, or of the Carter Administration, has ever protested the Soviets' interference with the international mail.

There remains one other mail route—the diplomatic pouch. Unfortunately, since the families aren't official members of the Embassy staff, Toon refuses to allow them to see mail sent this way. It has been suggested that the Embassy could at least show the families *copies* of the letters mailed them through the diplomatic pouch, but nothing has come of this. Working together, in a stirring example of detente, the Soviets and Americans have almost completely insulated the two families from the outside world, denying them messages of support that might encourage them to believe that they haven't been forgotten, that they aren't fanatics. The White House even refuses to forward mail sent them care of Jimmy Carter.

What torments the Vashchenkos even more than all this is the months of separation and the thought of the punishments the Soviet authorities are inflicting on the rest of their family. In March, four of the children—Vera, Ioan, Sara, and Avram—journeyed to Krasnoiarsk to visit Aleksandr in the labor camp. Instead of allowing them to see their brother, the director gave them a guided tour of the camp, showing them such points of interest as the solitary confinement cell where Aleksandr spent 15 days for possession of a page from the Gospels. Turning to Ioan, who was due to be drafted in May and who is, like Aleksandr and all Pentecostals, a conscientious objector, the director said, "Since you won't go into the army, this spring they will be bringing you here. After you have been here for six months, we'll give you back dead to your parents." Although Ioan has yet to be drafted, it most definitely is not an idle threat. In 1966, Peter Vashchenko's brother Andrei, also a conscientious objector, died in an "accident" with only three months remaining of his five-year sentence. Camp authorities have promised Aleksandr that a similar fate awaits him.

What fate awaits the seven Pentecostals inside the Embassy? Late last year Carter sent a personal emissary, Olin Robison, president of Middlebury College in Vermont, to study the situation. Robison's solution was to have the Orthodox hierarchy press the Kremlin to allow the families to leave the country. But since the Orthodox hierarchy is controlled by the Kremlin, its refusal to intercede was surprising perhaps only to Robison.

As for Ambassador Toon, he no longer attempts to disguise his displeasure. In his letter to Mr. Gittings, for example, he admitted that "I have, from the beginning of the sojourn in the Embassy of these two families, encouraged them to depart in order to pursue their efforts to emigrate through established channels."

What would happen if the families left the Embassy? The Soviets will give no assurances that the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs won't be arrested if they leave. But Toon claims he has the Soviets' word that the families haven't violated any law, and he apparently concludes that they would be able to return to Chernogorsk and live happily ever after. If Peter Vashchenko hadn't spent one year in confinement as a result of his visit to the Embassy in 1968, maybe he too would radiate the same faith in the Kremlin. "Whatever the Soviets have told the Americans," Peter recently told a newsman, "we do not believe them. They will promise the Americans one thing and then they will cheat them, as they have always cheated us. We have been through their prisons, their labor camps, their psychiatric wards. Do you think that after we have been living in the American Embassy for a year they will let us go home and do nothing to us?"

Yet there is one condition under which the seven Pente-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

costals would leave the Embassy: if in return the Soviets would allow the other members of their families to emigrate. "If they would let Sasha [Aleksandr] and our other children emigrate," says Augustina Vashchenko, "then we would walk out of here and let them do with us what they will."

Mrs. Chmykhalova echoes her: "My son, Timofei, and I —we too will walk out of here if they let my family in Chernogorsk emigrate. We may die at their hands, but at least the children will know a new life."

EARLY IN APRIL, former Senator Dick Clark, who is now U.S. Coordinator of Refugee Affairs, testified on Capitol Hill to a "dramatic increase in the number of refugees from the Soviet Union because the Soviet government has liberalized its policy of issuing exit visas." The Kremlin freed thirty thousand of its citizens last year; extrapolating from the number freed in the first three months of this year, over fifty thousand Soviets will be permitted to emigrate in 1979, a figure far surpassing the 34,733 released in 1973, the highest annual total to date. Needless to say, if the Soviets continue to free their people at this rate, the chances that they will get some items they want from the U.S. Congress—most importantly, approval of SALT and most-favored-nation status—will be greatly enhanced.

Since the Soviets seem to be opening the gates, why don't the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs bide their time until their turn comes?

Because it will never come. With few exceptions, the only people the Soviets allow to emigrate are Jews, beneficiaries of an extraordinary Western campaign. Refugee sources report that of the *thirty thousand Pentecostals* who have applied to emigrate, not one has succeeded. And the Pentecostals aren't the only ones who want out. The Tolstoy Foundation, a New York organization involved in refugee relocation, says thousands of people of varying religious beliefs also want to emigrate, including Russian Orthodox, Lutherans, Seventh-Day Adventists, and Moslems. Although their religions differ, these groups all want to leave for the same reasons: to practice their religion and to teach their children about God without breaking the law. Ethnic Germans and Ukrainians, among others, also want out. Pressure for emigration is so intense that in some areas entire communities have applied for exit visas.

Thus, it is no wonder that Clark concentrated on the good news of increased emigration of Soviet Jews; and no wonder that the Administration ignores the seven Pentecostals. There are seventy times seventy more Christians like them in the Soviet Union. If the Pentecostals were to gain their freedom, the ensuing stampede would register on every Richter scale in the world.

What, then, are the chances for the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs? Life in the dungeon is taking its toll, physically and psychologically. Augustina, worn down by her months in confinement, has developed ulcerative colitis; she may not make it through the year. The psychological toll is evident on all seven. A visitor to the Embassy writes: "Seven people sit in one small room day after day, month after month, with virtually no evidence that anyone in the West knows or cares about them." As of now they have two options: they can remain in the Embassy, where they know they are not wanted; or they can surrender and walk outside into the sturdy arms of the KGB. There is no doubt which option Ambassador Toon would prefer—and which the Soviets expect. Chernogorsk authorities have begun telling townspeople that the "traitors" will soon be out of the Embassy.

There remains the flickering hope of yet a third option. The world is beginning to hear the cries of the seven, thanks to the efforts of people like Vladimir Bukovsky, who spoke movingly of them in an address to the Coalition for a Democratic Majority in June:

> I think that perhaps present-day political trends reveal themselves the most in the fate of seven Russian faithful Pentecostals who have been living in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow [for 12 months]. These plain, ordinary people have to fight equally against the Soviet persecutors and their American helpers. The U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, Mr. Toon, does everything possible to throw these people out of the Embassy and to condemn them to the tortures of psychiatric hospitals, prisons, and camps. The lofty tasks of American diplomacy seem to this official immeasurably more important than human lives. These people are kept at the Moscow Embassy as if they were prisoners; neither the U.S. press nor Embassy personnel are allowed to speak to them, so that you would not know the truth about their fate. Are they the only ones, though? No! Every day at the gates of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow anywhere from ten to 15 people are arrested despite the Consular Convention between the U.S.A. and the USSR, which provides for free access to the U.S. Embassy. The American Government is not brave enough to insist on the observance of this agreement. In view of this, I would like to ask the American people, To whom do you send your envoys? To the people of our country or to its executioners? I have a question to ask: Why conclude new treaties if you are not brave enough to insist on observance of the old ones?

Spurred on by the burgeoning support, backers of the seven have launched a campaign to alert the world to what is happening to them and to compel the Soviets to grant them their freedom. Those concerned about their fate are being implored to write President Carter, members of Congress, Ambassador Toon, as well as Chairman Brezhnev and Anatoly Dobrynin, Toon's Soviet counterpart. Besides communicating their interest in the seven, the letter writers are urged to make the crucial linkage between the fate of the seven and the fate of SALT II and most-favored-nation status for the Soviets—now barred by the Jackson-Vanik amendment. To show the families that the outside world, contrary to what the Embassy claims, does care about them, people are also being urged to write them directly, with copies of the letters sent to the Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies, which can then monitor the flow of mail.

They have two options: they can remain in the Embassy, where they know they are not wanted; or they can walk outside into the sturdy arms of the KGB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reverend Blahoslav Hruby and his wife, Olga, the indefatigable team that runs the Research Center, cite several congressmen as especially helpful: Senators Richard Schweiker (R., Pa.) and Charles Percy (R., Ill.), and Representatives Millicent Fenwick (R., N.J.), Allen Ertel (D., Pa.), and Richard Shelby (D.), John Buchanan (R.), and William Dickinson (R.), all of Alabama. Dickinson, Mrs. Hruby recounts with relish, has instigated a letterwriting campaign to Leonid Brezhnev on behalf of the families. The campaign has provoked such a deluge that the Soviet Embassy in Washington contacted Dickinson to ask him to halt it—a request Dickinson politely refused on the grounds that he can't interfere with Americans' constitutional right to use the mails.

The seven are only the tip of the iceberg. In an appeal recently smuggled to the West, thousands of Pentecostals declared that "we regard the Jackson-Vanik amendment as the only law that in fact guarantees our right to leave this country where we are being persecuted for our faith. . . . We do not believe that the early Christians would feed the animals that devoured their fellow believers in amphitheaters or collaborate with the tormentors of Christ. However, many Christians in the free world are inadvertently helping the hands of those who are torturing and persecuting God's people in the USSR. We beg of you: Do not make them stronger; let them show in deeds that they have a human face."

Meanwhile, the two families wait in their Embassy gulag. Their room differs from most orthodox dungeons in that they have a window, enabling them to look out onto the streets of Moscow (when the guards don't place a garbage pail in front of it). They watch helplessly as the guards pummel Soviet citizens who attempt to enter the Embassy of the flagship nation of the free world. They find it difficult to understand why the Embassy does nothing to stop the pummeling. "People come here," they said in a message, "who are resolved to face death, who have been driven to despair by the KGB, whose last hope is the Embassy. They come here and no one gives them any help. When we addressed the employees of the Embassy, the following was their response. 'This happens all the time and we have become accustomed to it.' Is it really possible to become accustomed to it? Is it really possible to be so indifferent to such misfortunes?" □

Endangered Species

Washington, September 7—Congress today modified the Endangered Species Act to permit construction of a dam in Tennessee even though it would doom the snail darter, a rare three-inch-long fish.

Some senators had argued that the amendment was needed to combat public ridicule of Congress for allowing the tiny fish to halt work on the huge dam.

The public benefits of the dam, proponents said, clearly outweighed the existence of the undistinguished species of fish. "Species come and species go," said one, "and they've been doing so since the dinosaurs."

Opponents countered that this would be the first time since the world began, however, that one species had intentionally eliminated another. They were outvoted 2 to 1 in both the House and the Senate.

"We cannot let one single species," summed up a proponent, "stand in the way of making this a better world."

Washington, September 8—Rain was forecast today for virtually the entire United States. Climatologist Homer Gort called it "most unusual."

London, September 15—A spokesman for the Royal Academy of Meteorology said the heavy, week-long rains throughout the world were causing "severe flooding" in low-lying areas.

He said British scientists were studying the possibility that the "freak weather" was caused by recent French atomic tests in the Pacific.

New York, September 20—Swelling waters from the East River reached Third Avenue today. Mayor Koch said there was no cause for alarm, adding jokingly, "but I wish I were a foot taller."

Denver, September 22—Officials of this mile-high city cited Noah Littlefinger, 52, for attempting to build a huge wooden boat in his back yard without filing an Environmental Impact Report. As neighbors chuckled, building inspectors demolished the weird structure.

Denver, September 23—Speaking from the new Temporary White House, President Carter said there was no cause for alarm. He said the inundation of Cairo, Tel Aviv, and most of Saudi Arabia should mean peace in the Middle East "accompanied by higher gasoline prices."

New York, September 29—The last survivors were rescued by helicopter today from the roofs of the World Trade Center towers. Governor Hugh Carey said he would ask Congress for another $123.7 billion to "bail out New York City" when Congress returned from its fall recess.

Mount Whitney, October 9—Twenty-seven men and women huddled on the summit of Mount Whitney heard the following historic address tonight: "Good evening. This is your President speaking to you from Air Force One. I just wanted to tell you how much Rosalynn and I miss Plains and the rest of the country, too. Keep your chins up."

Nepal, October 18—The last man on earth atop the last dry mountain on earth gazed gloomily out over the rising water. Just before his head went under, he heard a thunderous voice boom:

"Okay, Gabriel. Now, this time let's see if we can't come up with a better species."

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Monstrous DOE

BY A MARGIN of four votes, the House of Representatives has chosen to establish a federal Department of Education. The Senate already had passed a bill to the same end. Now the only chance for averting this vast boondoggle is irreconcilable differences in the Senate-House conference committee which must endeavor to combine the two pieces of legislation.

"The best thing that could happen to President Carter's proposal for a Department of Education would be for Congress to bury it." Who wrote that line—Russell Kirk? Nay, not so: the author is an editorial writer for the *Washington Post*.

For the *Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and some other eminently liberal papers have set their faces against this monument to Holy Educationism. As the *Post* continued, "A Department of Education, if such unfortunately is enacted into law, will become a gigantic single-minded lobbying outfit. It will be the NEA writ large."

The National Education Association, richest lobby in the land, fought furiously to push this measure through Congress. For it was painfully aware that the next President will not be named Carter; and that should his name be Reagan, the NEA's name would be mud. (The proposal does have the endorsement of Senator Howard Baker, which tells us a good deal about Senator Baker.) Yet it still is conceivable that these Senate and House bills may expire in conference, to the benefit of American public instruction.

For in the House, all sorts of amendments were hooked onto the bill, containing provisions which the Senate bill utterly ignored. There is the amendment which forbids federal funding of abortions. There is the amendment which provides that the public schools must permit voluntary prayers. There is the amendment which forbids racial or sexual quotas in institutions of higher education that accept federal subsidies. There is the amendment which forbids the new Department from directing school busing for racial integration. There is the amendment which excludes the training of nurses and other medical personnel from the new Department's jurisdiction; and the amendment which exempts Indian education.

Practically everybody seems to be crying, "Include me out!" Most university presidents have opposed the measure, and so has the American Federation of Teachers—the latter unionists knowing all too well how Big Brother NEA would treat them.

Then how has this drearily grandiose scheme managed to come so close to enactment? Why, the NEA and its allies within HEW have worked round the clock to achieve this glorious consummation, and they have had plenty of money for their lobbying. (Since 1974, more than half a million dollars of NEA money has been given to present members of Congress who have voted for the proposal.) Opponents of the design have been ill organized and worse financed. The general public would intensely dislike what a Department of Education would inflict upon American schooling; but there is no general-public lobby.

Praying for Stalemate

Yet those amendments may save the day in the conference committee. It would be most awkward for a good many gentlemen in the Senate to be recorded as having approved an act which forbids busing, restores school prayer, disapproves abortion, and in other ways "turns back the clock" for the Holy Liberal Inquisition. It would be equally awkward for members of the House to abandon amendments which are so popular with many constituents. Therefore, conceivably it may be found well to let conference-committee discussion drone on until this session of Congress draws to a close. Let us so pray.

Otherwise, Congress will saddle this land with an enormous centralized apparatus of Educationism, endowed with vast undefined powers over state and local systems of public instruction, and indeed over independent schools, colleges, and universities. This Department would swell and swagger and entrench itself, at stupendous expense. It would confer power over the minds of the rising generation upon a belligerent and ideological union, the NEA. It would enable bureaucrats and ritualistic liberals—if not gentry still more unappetizing—to dictate policy to every school board and to issue edicts circumscribing all "private" education. It would prevent, in effect, any imaginative reform of America's sprawling educationist apparatus. It would further dull young intellects in a time when our national difficulties appear to be increasing.

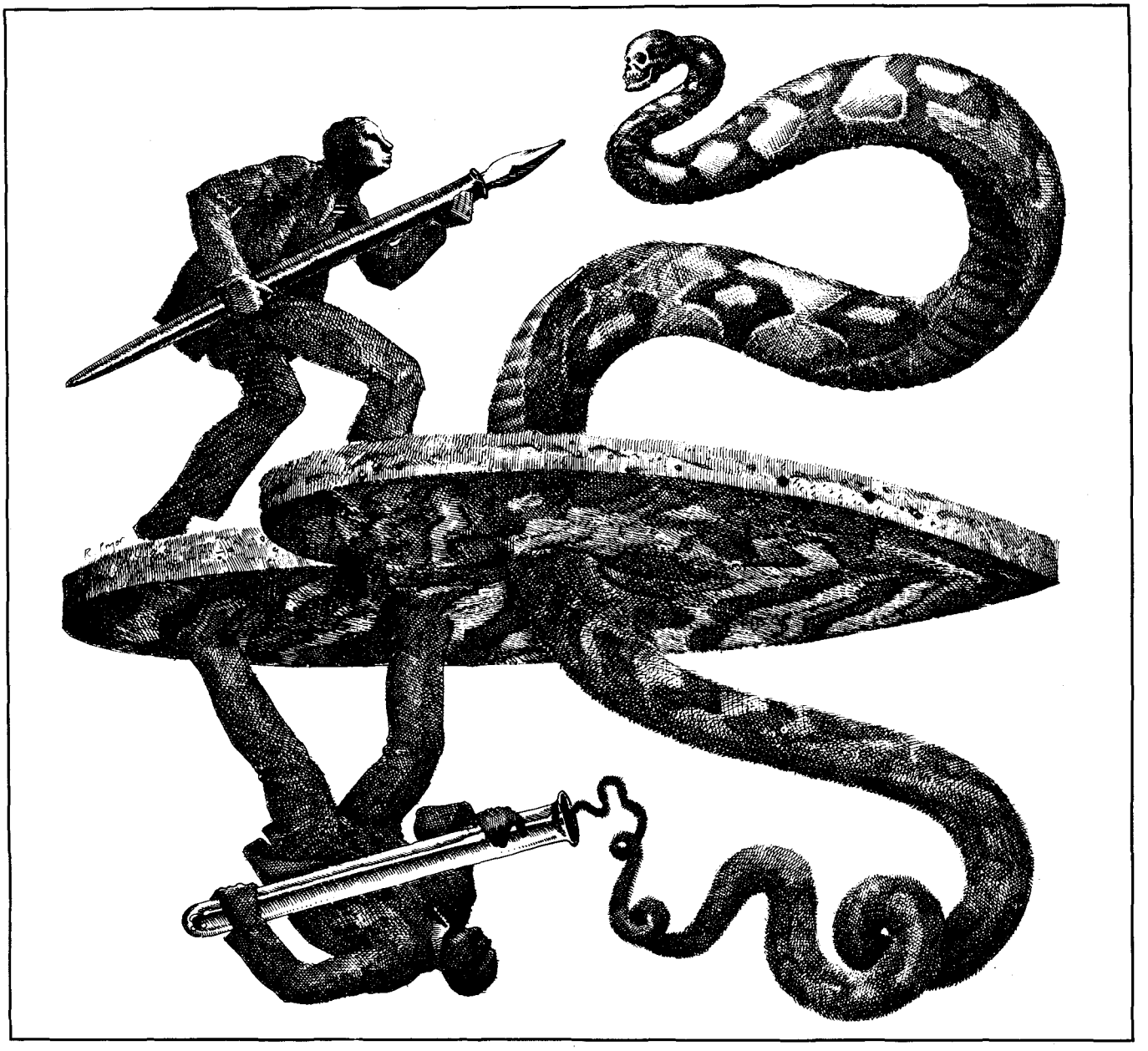
The President Promised

President Carter, nominated and elected in part because of his promise to reduce the size and powers of the federal bureaucracy, thus can boast of having created his second new Department—and can appoint the first Secretary of Education. One rumored candidate is Harold Howe II, once upon a time the dullest and most doctrinaire Commissioner of Education in the history of these United States. Another is Wilson C. Riles, the black superintendent of public instruction in California, once upon a time leagued with the Far Left. A third possibility is Terry Sanford, the North Carolina politician, now a university president; a fourth, Jerry Apodaca, the New Mexico politician, now out of office; a fifth, Mary F. Berry, just now Assistant Secretary for Education in HEW, a black female bureaucrat of academe and Washington, said to be the first choice of the National Education Association.

Once set in motion, this towering apparatus of Educationism would be uncontrollable, in effect, by Congress—or by the President, for that matter. Congress cannot act as a national school board. And the Department of Education would be directed by a set of presumptuous doctors of education with little learning and less imagination.

So let us pray that the members of the Senate-House conference committee be set at loggerheads. Otherwise we shall be rearing up a great many more loggerheads in America. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LOVE CAN BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH

NIAGARA FALLS, New York—Almost three years ago, the Niagara Gazette, a Gannett newspaper, broke the story of Love Canal.

An environmental time bomb had been ticking in that Upper New York State community, and nobody was doing anything about it—until a reporter for the Niagara Gazette received a very alarming telephone tip.

The caller told of dangerous chemicals being dumped years before in a site where homes and a school were now standing. The caller was worried about the people living there.

The Gazette investigated and found strange things all along Love Canal.

Pungent odors in the school. Murky substances oozing into cellar basements. Flowers not blooming. Pregnant women afraid for their unborn children.

A major environmental disaster that was seriously threatening the health of hundreds of families had been uncovered.

That was in 1976. Now, almost three years and hundreds of Niagara Gazette stories later, the time bomb is being defused.

The federal government and the state have acted to help the people of Love Canal.

Over 300 families have been evacuated. The canal is being cleaned up. And new legislation gives property tax relief to families living nearby.

The Niagara Gazette and its professionals uncovered the story long before it became national news, and stayed with it long after national attention started to fade, because it was and still is a vital community issue.

Throughout, Gannett has supported and encouraged the Gazette's efforts in every way.

They symbolize the things Gannett is most proud of: professional excellence in news coverage and a total commitment to strong, independent service to the community.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

And so from Wilmington to Denver, from Cincinnati to San Bernardino, every Gannett newspaper, every TV and radio station is free to express its own opinions, free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

Gannett

A World Of Different Voices Where Freedom Speaks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Arts & Manners

Priest Bites Bishop

M. JOSEPH SOBRAN

Catholicism and Modernity: Confrontation or Capitulation?
By James Hitchcock
Seabury, 250 pp., $12.95

After reading James Hitchcock's *Catholicism and Modernity: Confrontation or Capitulation?* I am tempted to paraphrase Will Rogers, and say: "I don't belong to any organized religion. I'm a Catholic."

Depressing, yes, in a way. But what an utterly brilliant book this is. Its eye for detail is so sharp, its analysis so profound, that the reader feels the exhilaration of possessing a supreme intellectual vantage over the scene. Never mind that the scene is now gloomy. The book gives the key to restoration.

A sketch will have to do. There is just too much book here, and every page seems to offer new insights, bursting forth like successive explosions of fireworks from preceding insights. Everything connects.

Hitchcock argues that the present disarray of the Catholic Church results from the derailment of renewal. Few people have really understood what went on at the Second Vatican Council. It was the Council's misfortune to have occurred during the giddy Sixties, and to have been confused with a number of contemporary trends. In fact the substance of the Council has usually been ignored, the whole affair being treated instead as a sort of Happening (remember Happenings?), and thereby distorted—deliberately. What we hear about is not so much what the Council did, as what the liberals (Catholic and otherwise) thought it promised. When the alleged promises were not fulfilled, of course, Church authorities were treated as betrayers of the Council. In short, we have been victimized by what might be called the Whig interpreters of the Council.

Put otherwise, the real Council was fully continuous with Catholic tradition. The liberal myth is that it was at least the beginning of a break with that tradition. And ever since, liberal Catholics (or perhaps Catholic liberals would be more exact: the kind who are more liberal than Catholic) have been demanding that the Church get on with its mission of assimilating—or, as Hitchcock would say, capitulating—to modernity.

Of course much depends on what is meant by modernity. The Church has been modernizing in ways consonant with her traditional identity; but if Catholicism means anything distinctive—if, say, the Church speaks, with full apostolic authority, for Jesus Christ—then there have to be limits. Some of her modes can and must be modern, but not her essence. That must be eternal.

Hitchcock begins by discussing the "flight from eternity." The middle-brow intellectuals who set the tone for the Catholic Church in America have edged uncomfortably away from affirmations of transcendence, ignoring and even deriding old-fashioned symbols of the sacred. Such symbols have been attacked as culture-bound, and, following liberal Protestant models, the attackers have sought to purify the Church of its corrupt accretions, returning to the primitive Church of the New Testament.

The problem, of course, is that you can't go home again. If today's Church is distinctive only for her departure from the primitive Church, she is a fraud. But what the liberals call corruption is what Newman called development. And the great irony, as Hitchcock shrewdly observes, is that the "primitive Church" of the liberals strikingly (and conveniently) mirrors the agenda of modern liberalism. Miracle, sacrament, consecrated chastity are all vigorously debunked; they have been replaced by therapy, self-fulfillment, relevance. All traditional disciplines irksome to modern liberalism are ascribed to medieval distortions of the sunny Gospel message. And, now, "nuns seek to become priests, priests get married, and married people get divorced in ever greater numbers."

Catholic liberals thus enjoy a double "sensation of movement": they feel they are moving backward and forward at the same time. What's more, they can

---

Aleksandr Dimov *is a writer for* Le Monde de la Musique. . . . **David Evanier** *is a literary critic and novelist residing in New York City.* . . . **Selden Rodman,** *a prolific critic, author, and playwright, is a frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **Jonathan D. Sarna** *is a Rapoport Fellow of the American Jewish Archives. His biography of Mordecai Noah will be published next year.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beat inflation for less than 10 worthless dollars.

If you've had the feeling the economy is a bit shaky, you're right. But you're also a bit optimistic.

Howard J. Ruff says it's almost 1929 again.

The author of this unsettling book is a forecaster known for uncanny accuracy. He's the editor of the fastest growing personal advice newsletter in the U.S. And the host of *Ruff House*, the nationwide TV show that has created such an uproar recently.

How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years is both an expose of government deception and a guide to protecting your assets and your family's welfare, even during a monetary collapse.

This is no dry economic text, but a wry and witty look at our economic, social and political predicament.

The news isn't all bad, either. Ruff lays out a step-by-step program for taking advantage of hidden *opportunities* that exist right now. After all, fortunes are made during every great depression.

Send the coupon and receive your copy by return mail. We guarantee your satisfaction with this book—and your dissatisfaction with economic institutions you think are invulnerable. Among them: the Social Security System, the F.D.I.C., and your IRA plan. Order now and get a valuable bonus—recent issues of *The Ruff Times.* They're loaded with advice for your financial well-being.

So if you wish to return the book for any reason within 30 days, we'll send back your money.

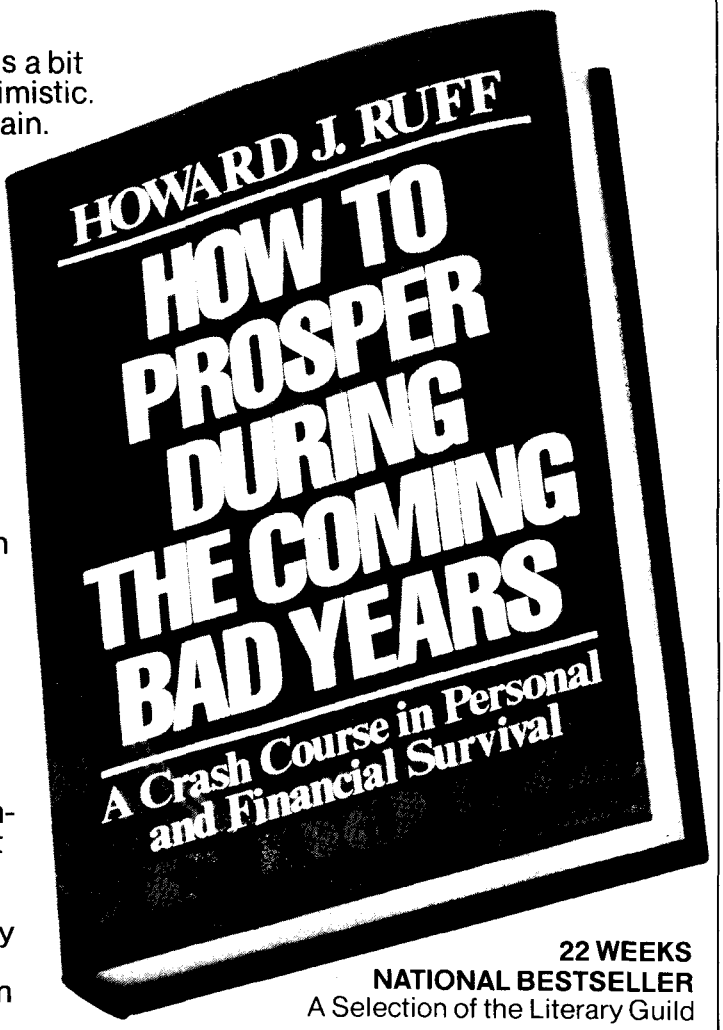
Every worthless penny of it.

Notable Quotes:

"Ruff takes the con out of economics. He writes in a no-nonsense manner which everyone can understand."
– Howard Jarvis, Co-sponsor of California's "Proposition 13"

"If you ever wondered what has happened to your money, read Howard Ruff's book. You will also know who is responsible for it."
—Orrin J. Hatch, U.S. Senator, Utah

Send check for $9.95 to: Target Publishers, Box 2000, San Ramon, CA 94583. (Includes $1 for postage and handling. Add $.54 sales tax if CA res.)



22 WEEKS
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
A Selection of the Literary Guild
Published by N.Y. Times Books

25007

TARGET PUBLISHERS
BOX 2000, SAN RAMON, CALIFORNIA 94583

For less than 10 of today's dollars, this book looks like a bargain.

☐ Here's my check for $9.95. (Includes $1 for postage and handling. Please add $.54 sales tax if CA res.) Send me my copy of *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years* and my *free* copies of *The Ruff Times.*

☐ Here's my ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge number. Charge my account $9.95 ($10.49 if CA res.)

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

I understand that I can return the book for a full refund within 30 days if I want to.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State/Zip_____

(Money-back guarantee only applies to mail orders.)

2411 Old Crow Canyon Road, San Ramon, CA 94583

THIS AD © COPYRIGHT, TARGET, INC., AUGUST 1979

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do all this while standing still: "Like most apostles of change, avant-garde Catholics oscillate between proclamations of a radically transformed world which will scarcely resemble anything known in the past, and condescending assurances that nothing essential has changed and that traditionalists are merely neurotically insecure."

Hitchcock is at his best when he inspects the dynamics and mechanics of change. Despite all the talk about the "democratization" of the Church, the real ferment is not among the folks in the pews but among the clergy, theologians, intellectuals, and the large and enlarging body of professionals who administer liturgical and catechetical matters at the national and diocesan levels. All these have come to have a vested interest in change. They are the Church's "New Class" (a term Hitchcock wisely avoids, but it won't down), representing its version of the managerial revolution. (Here one might note the similarity between these phenomena and the growing power of academics as a class against the nominal authority of those who preside over the universities—a change whose slogan has been "academic freedom." When a young Yale graduate analyzed the process in 1951, his subjects hotly denied that any such process was proceeding.)

Hitchcock is at his *best* best when he analyzes the way the mass media, our cognitive bureau of standards, have assisted the Catholic New Class. Despite their avowed "pluralism," the media tend to homogenize. They can't assimilate the supernatural, and they exert powerful pressures on all truly distinctive cognitive minorities to submit to their own definitions of reality. Rebels within the Church become the heroes in the media's accounts of events; traditionalists are at best isolated, at worst caricatured and slandered. Defectors from traditional Catholicism can now win publicity and worldly approval while retaining formal membership. In fact they stand to gain more by staying in the Church, however tenuously: priest-bites-bishop is even better copy than man-bites-dog.

Since their real social and psychic solidarity is with the liberal secular world rather than with orthodox believers, members of the Catholic New Class conceive themselves not as bearers of Christ's message to unbelievers, but as the world's missionaries to the Church. Toward the world they tend to be uncritically loyal, Uncle Toms as it were. On the margin there are such types as Jimmy Breslin, "a new kind of stage Irishman . . . an individual whose claim to attention derives almost entirely from his group identity but who makes his living undermining his group's values at the behest of the dominant elite." The media can't be accused of anti-Catholicism for "merely reporting" what certain selected members of the Church say about her. And when the Berrigans and Cogleys step forth to deliver their "witness," the labors of a Paul Blanshard become otiose.

THE INEVITABLE terminus is radical politics. As loyalties are transferred from the supernatural to the world, hope moves from eternity to the future—at least the future as conceived by modernity—at least modernity as conceived by self-conscious Catholics. Which, very often, means variants of Marxism, future-hope *par excellence.* (What is left of the religious impulse takes the form of what Hitchcock shrewdly identifies as spiritual hedonism: only an avant-garde Catholic could, at this late date, look *up* to Harvey Cox.) Hitchcock's devastating accumulation of liberal Catholic fads suggests that the breaking of old taboos in itself offers "self-fulfillment": what moves many Catholics of this type is an insatiable need to validate their "authentic" selves by endless histrionic repudiations of traditional prescriptions, rather than any positive, orienting alternative ideal. The more they reject the Church, the more they feel they have achieved solidarity with the "modern world" of their naughty dreams. That is why many who complain bitterly of the Church's authoritarianism wind up blindly approving of Marxist totalitarianism (if the phrase is not redundant) in China and Vietnam. Their own taboos include anti-Communism; the persecution of the Church in Communist countries is liberal Catholicism's "dirty little secret."

In *Suicide of the West*, James Burnham identifies liberalism not as an autonomous position but as a psychosocial reaction, which tacitly denies that the West contains any core of value worth defending against its enemies. In fact it resists admitting that the enemies *are* enemies. It favors a piecemeal accommodation with them, simultaneously justifying their aggressions and rationalizing Western surrenders. Every Western defeat is interpreted as a victory for "genuine" Western ideals (self-determination, say), and hostility is reserved for those who insist on the reality of conflict and the possibility that something terribly precious is being lost. The hatred of the deluded turns with automatic bitterness on those who challenge the delusion.

Liberal Catholics (I mean Catholic liberals) likewise insist that there is no real conflict between the Church and the world-in-becoming, except of course such conflict as is of the "old" Church's making. Hitchcock, like Burnham, has stunningly laid bare both the impulses behind this mentality and the crasser means and motives that give it force in the real world, all the while exposing its semantic evasions with a kind of satiric objectivity. As he points out, it is "modern" Catholics, not the orthodox, who have sold out to the world, materially and spiritually, internalizing the contempt of their "cultured despisers." It is they, not the orthodox, who are in that sense culture-bound, beholden to the vagaries of the historical moment. *Catholicism and Modernity* richly earns the hatred of the deluded. □

Jews and the Left
By Arthur Liebman
Wiley, 676 pp., $17

CASSANDRA OFF THE MARK

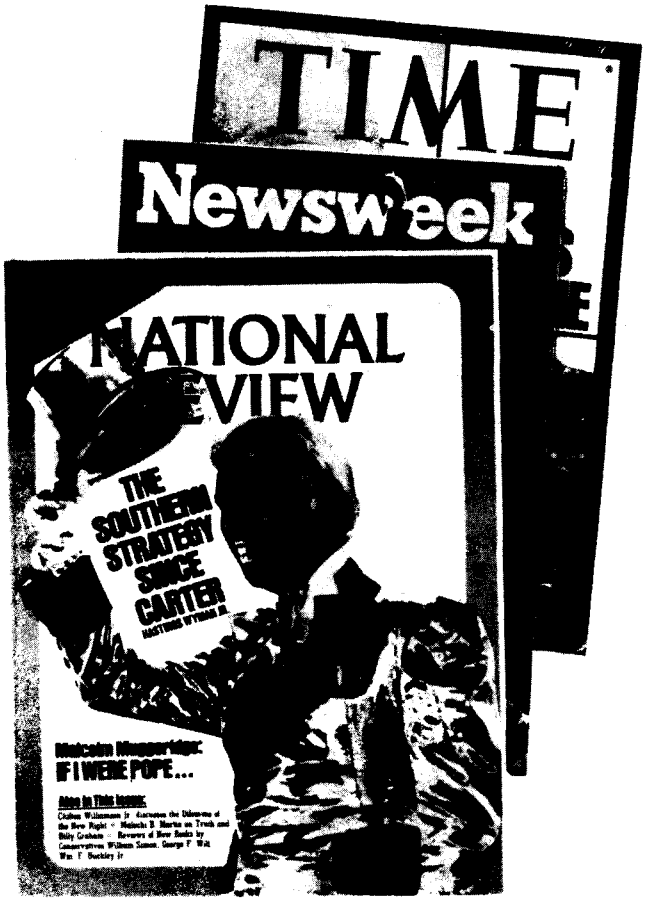
JONATHAN D. SARNA

"The Jewish contribution to the Left in the United States during the twentieth century ranks the highest of any immigrant or ethnic group." This commonplace observation by Arthur Liebman begins an uncommonly good book on what is surely among the most closely examined phenomena in American Jewish history: Jews' association with various forms of socialism and Communism. Be it said at once that Liebman knows that he is talking about a minority within a minority. Most Jews were neither socialists nor Communists. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK

- **Does Anyone Understand Jerry Brown?** by Larry Peterson
- **The Dangers of Not Ratifying Salt** — Are they real or invented? by Donald Brennan (Hudson Institute)
- **The Gospel According to Freddie Laker** (Deregulation — it works) A Report by Peter C. Bruce
- **The Fall of Marx** An intriguing perspective by Thomas Molnar
- **Desegregation Gone Berserk!** Joe Rauh and the NAACP *v.* The University of North Carolina by Richard Brookhiser
- **Subversives at Work!** Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes from the Justice Department by R.L. Condor



But you *will* find them in coming issues of *National Review* (and *only* in *National Review*). Articles like these are important to you for this good reason —*they keep you in touch with the "other" point of view* and that's come to be a necessity for the truly informed person in these days of "homogenized" news reporting.

What's more, you'll find that keeping up with the news the NR way helps you to better evaluate what you *do* read in the "news magazines" (or see on TV). NR gives your own opinions the critical balance that can make your views and conversations more interesting—because it's one magazine that really *does* give you the view from the other side. And backs it up.

But the benefits of getting *National Review* regularly don't stop with this special coverage of current events. There is an abundance of other features to expand your horizons and delight your sense of humor. The book section with its discerning reviews of really important books is a treasure in itself. Movies and plays get the same unusual treatment. There are also articles on the latest in travel, food and wine, music, and so on. To say nothing of the inimitable cartoons of Gauerke, Mal and others. In short, the regular readers of *National Review* keep up with the arts and manners of our times – but from a refreshingly different point of view.

All of which makes NR one of the best buys around. And all *you* have to do to start enjoying this genuinely interesting magazine regularly is to fill out the postpaid card (opposite) and mail it back to us. It entitles you to 13 big issues (26 weeks) of *National Review* at the special low rate (for new subscribers only) of just $9.95. A bargain price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. Send in the handy card today. It's the first step in the *right* direction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

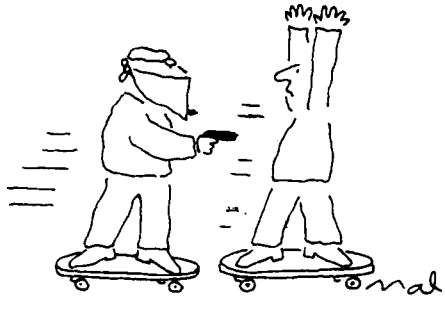
is also aware that the Jewish people have produced "rightists" as well as "Leftists." His interests, however, are confined to the latter (the non-Left does not even rate a capital letter). *Jews and the Right* is a book that has yet to be written.

Some past students have credited (or blamed) Jewish tradition for Jews' liberal propensities: "socialism was Judaism secularized." Others have associated the phenomenon with history, antisemitism, self-hatred, and status disequilibrium (high achievement coupled with low ascribed status). Liebman deftly rebuts all of these theses. In their place, he offers a two-stage socioeconomic theory: 1) "class-linked factors enabled and motivated largely working-class Jews . . . to make Left political choices and to build a radical subculture"; 2) "this radical subculture . . . functioned to create, recreate, and sustain a vital link between Jews and the Left."

The theory is not totally convincing. One wonders why "class-linked factors" drove some Jews to Marx while others remained solidly in the camp of Moses and the rabbis. How many Jews committed themselves to the ideology of "the Left"? For how many was socialism a form of ethnic identification or protest? To answer these questions, Liebman would need to find more hard data on the social characteristics of the radical subculture. He has not studied the extant membership lists of left-wing parties, nor has he subjected the Jewish Socialist vote to penetrating analysis. He has relied too heavily on secondary sources—and these are often woefully inadequate.

Still, the notion of a radical subculture has much to offer. As Liebman understands, the socialism of many Jews consisted entirely of their labor organizations, fraternal orders, and Yiddish journals—what Harry Roskolenko's father thought of as "East Broadway, his sick and death benefit society, his membership in the union." *Jews and the Left* portrays this "socialism of the masses" skillfully and in great detail—though, unfortunately, without any of the verve found in Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers*. More important, Liebman analyzes the decline of the radical subculture after World War I. Where others have singled out individual causes, he paints a complex but vastly more convincing picture—one which takes account of immigration restrictions, social and geographic mobility, Jewish communal growth, Americanization, antisemitism, Zionism, and finally "the Left parties' treatment of Jews and Jewish issues."

Liebman's subsequent discussion of "The New Left and Jewish New Left" is a thrice-told tale to which he has added nothing of importance. But in place of a solemn epitaph, *Jews and the Left* closes on an apocalyptic note: "I believe that, in America in the forthcoming decades, the Jewish community's harsh confrontation with capitalism will result in a renewed Jewish commitment to socialism." Liebman finds that "the occupational and economic structure of American Jewry within this monopolistic society" is tottering on the brink. He foresees economic, political, and status decline for Jews, and views socialism as the obvious response. Somewhat illogically, he hopes that Jewish socialism—born of weakness—will become "a centerpiece" capable of converting America into "a humane, democratic socialist society."



This prophecy of ultimate socialist victory is an unfortunate epilogue to an otherwise important book. In the interests of his secular faith, Liebman has abandoned facts and analysis and resorted to the defense of dogma at the expense of truth. It is not true that, as he claims, 50 per cent of Jews are self-employed (a better figure would be 25 to 35 per cent), nor do Jewish/Christian occupational differences appear so stark when controlled for college education. As for many of the other "facts," they merely demonstrate that Liebman is sadly out of touch with the American Jewish situation.

His misapprehension is not terribly surprising. The "Left" has been blind to Jewish realities for a full century. Liebman's analysis suggests that it may finally be getting a handle on its own past. But apparently it still can't understand the present. Certainly, it appears incapable of telling us anything of value about the future. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ FIRST LOOK AT OCTOBER: Diana Trilling edits the work of her late husband, Lionel: *The Last Decade: Essays and Reviews, 1965-75* (Harcourt Brace, $9.95). . . . In *The Trouble with Nowadays: A Curmudgeon Strikes Back* (Arbor House, $10), Cleveland Amory creates an upper-class, sophisticated version of Archie Bunker, then satirically milks him with democratic glee. Of course Old Curmudgeon is a "male chauvinist, jingoist, dyed-in-the-wool Republican." . . . On the fiction side, Irwin Shaw has written what *Publishers Weekly* considers a dull effort, *Top of the Hill* (Delacorte, $9.95). . . . *Provenance* (Little, Brown, $12.95) by Frank McDonald is a racy, elaborate story about international art dealing.

■ CHINA TRADE: With modernization after Mao, China has become a literary growth industry. Mary and Theodore Cross claim to have escaped from organized tours to photograph the people of China in informal poses. Their *Behind the Great Wall: A Photographic Essay on China* (Atheneum, $25) includes one hundred photos, 15 of them in color. . . . Another rarity, a Chinese personal memoir, will be published by Percy Chen, Maoist and son of Eugene Chen, Sun Yat-sen's foreign minister. *China Called Me: My Life inside the Chinese Revolution* (Little, Brown, $15) relates many heroic stories from the Great Proletarian Revolution.

■ MORE FROM SEPTEMBER: American pilot Dieter Dengler was shot down over Laos in 1966. *Escape from Laos: Dieter Dengler's Own Story* (Presidio, $9.95) recounts his capture, torture, and incredible escape. . . . In *Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by the Patient: Reflections on Healing and Regeneration* (Norton, $9.95), Norman Cousins recalls his battle with orthodox medicine. Told he was incurably ill, Cousins left the hospital, took huge doses of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C)—and recovered. . . . *The Papers of Adlai E. Stevenson—Vol. VIII: Ambassador to the United Nations 1961-1965* (Little, Brown, $25), edited by Walter Johnson, covers the most frustrating period of Stevenson's career. His sudden death on a London street came just as he had decided to resign over LBJ's Vietnam policies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAUX ARTS

Sophie's Choice
By William Styron
Random House, 515 pp., $12.95

LOOKING INTO THE VOID

DAVID EVANIER

Sophie's Choice has a sincerity of intent and a misdirected energy. The subject is primarily a Catholic woman who was a victim of the Holocaust, and her sado-masochistic relationship with a Jewish paranoid intellectual. But Styron also throws in everything else that was going on in his life in 1947—an apprenticeship at McGraw-Hill, two girlfriends (one via Roth's Portnoy) who are adept at granting no satisfaction, his Southern gentleman father's tussle with a New York cab driver, his birthpangs as a writer.

Near the conclusion, Styron presages the writing of his Nat Turner opus. His alter ego—a young man named Stingo who lives in a Flatbush rooming house, fresh out of the Marines and working on what is to become *Lie Down in Darkness*—suddenly blurts out to the Jewish intellectual and drug addict, Nathan Landau: " 'Nat Turner!' "

Guess what Nathan says in response? " 'Nat Turner?' Nathan replied with a puzzled look. 'Who in hell is Nat Turner?' " And the narrator tells him. The rest, as they say, is history. *Sophie's Choice* is mostly written at this level of discipline, control, sense of form, subtlety, and perspective.

It should be clear that *Sophie's Choice* is not a novel, although it has been touted as such by its publisher. It is either a memoir or copious notes toward a novel, or a cross between the two. It is certainly a cross for the reader.

Styron turns to other writers to verify the Holocaust. He quotes at some length from the books of George Steiner ("in reading Steiner, I experienced the shock of recognition"), Elie Wiesel, Richard L. Rubinstein. This is just one curiosity about *Sophie's Choice*. Among others are Styron's hot-house, rococo prose style, his constant use of clichés and platitudes, and a chatty, prolix autobiographical approach that tends (to put it mildly) to dissipate plot suspense. Let's take the year 1967:

> . . . my heart was still with the art of the novel—said to be moribund or even, Lord help us, dead as a smelt—and I was pleased that year of 1967 to be able to disprove its demise (to my personal satisfaction at least) by publishing a work which, in addition to fulfilling my own philosophical and aesthetic requirements as a novelist, found hundreds of thousands of readers. . . . But this is another matter, and if I may be forgiven the indulgence, I will simply say that that year was, in general, a rewarding one for me.

Then we have the Portrait of the Artist:

> It was wonderful to be 22 and a little drunk, knowing that all went well at the writing desk, shiveringly happy in the clutch of one's own creative ardor and in that "grand certitude" Thomas Wolfe was always hymning—the certitude that the well-springs of youth would never run dry, and that the wrenching anguish endured in the crucible of art would find its recompense in everlasting fame, and glory, and the love of beautiful women.

Remember—this is a "novel" about the Holocaust. It's just that Stingo's juices were *overflowing*, and so much else was happening.

Despite the lack of form, the clutter, and the cheapening effect of giving the Holocaust, the narrator's sex drive, and his struggles as a young writer almost equal weight, there is a short story contained within these 515 pages: Sophie's telling of her life in Poland under the Nazis, intertwined with the punishing relationship between Sophie and Nathan as seen by the young narrator. But Sophie herself is not compelling. Not even a resister to Nazism, Sophie as victim cannot remotely sustain the narrative.

Styron's account of the concentration camps is fourth-hand (his book research handed down to the reader as Sophie's account told to the narrator, Stingo). It contains no surprises and is obviously compounded of information gathered from the same books we have all read. While true art has been produced on the Holocaust (Schwarz-Bart, Wiesel), it has never been done by someone so distant from the events as Styron is. And his telling is so long and redundant that we lose interest, and the reality and horror of the camps are submerged in a sea of words. Styron's circular method of telling the story (interrupting it to tell us about his own life, his father, Sophie and Nathan in the present) destroys most of the limited interest Sophie's story holds. His bloated prose obliterates the rest:

> . . . I pondered the profound failure of sensibility embedded in this last statement, which—aside from its boringness—expressed such oblivious unconcern for the lovelorn fool to whom it was addressed.

There is some vitality to Styron's characterization of Nathan Landau and of the Flatbush neighborhood, as well as some of the scenes involving Sophie's fascist father, and, of course, the sex scenes. Yet little stays in the mind after the reading. The bad writing is more memorable than the good:

> . . . [Nathan] describing the landscape she was about to see in his delicious, extravagant way and telling her that this singularly American spectacle, this amok flambeau unique in all Nature, was simply an aesthetic encounter that must not be missed.

There is a void at the center of all this overheated prose. Stingo as a young man and Stingo as a successful writer in his fifties seem the same person; there is no transition at all. Near the book's tragic climax, Stingo takes Sophie, fleeing from Nathan, to the South on a train. Nathan has broken one of Sophie's ribs, beaten her severely, and threatened to kill them both. In order to gain admission to a Washington hotel in 1947 with a woman not his wife, Stingo tells the desk clerk his name is "Reverend Wilbur Entwistle." The narrator (the older Styron) is so tickled with this name that he repeats it again and again. Perhaps this name would have delighted the 22-year-old Stingo, despite the physical condition of Sophie, the grave danger that Nathan poses for both of them, and all of the knowledge that Sophie has imparted to him about her suffering in the Holocaust. But it is clear that the supposedly mature narrator is still congratulating himself on his witticism.

It is this juxtaposition of tragic and silly events, of good and bad prose, of high intent and bad taste, of attempts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at serious fiction interrupted by casual autobiographical tidbits—a total absence of selectivity—that leads to a void. The controlling judgment is not there—although we see a real writer's intelligence flickering throughout. □

Nabokov: His Life in Part
By Andrew Field
Viking, 285 pp., $15

HIS LIFE AND ART

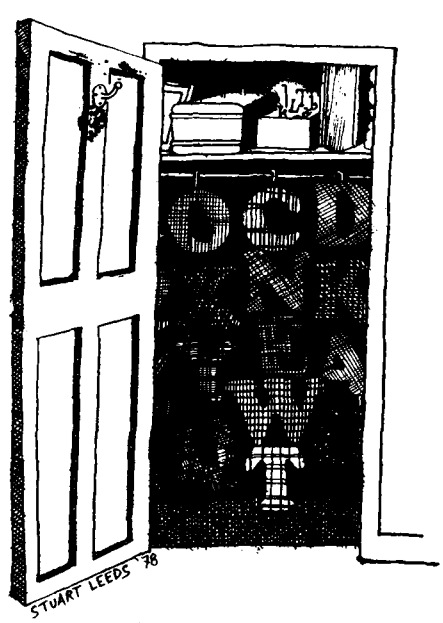
LINDA BRIDGES

As of November 1917, Vladimir Nabokov was a citizen of a phantom country—a country without territory, without a government, but with a language, a culture, shared memory. And that fact at once made him a writer and gave him his major themes. Had the history of the first quarter of this century been different, Nabokov would have wound up an extremely rich Siversky landholder, probably following his father, grandfather, and uncles into some form of public service, and working at entomology and poetry on the side.

But then the Revolution came, and it sent Nabokov—who had been told at his St. Petersburg school that he was not "sufficiently Russian"—into the West burning "to become a Russian writer." What fate took away with one hand, it recompensed with the other. As Field writes: "It has been said that Nabokov's generation was the most fortunate of all in the emigration. Those born even three years later than Nabokov were too young to have much of Russia to carry away with them. Those who had passed thirty had either a finished past behind them or an interrupted development . . ." Nabokov himself expressed this categorically: "If I had been born four years later, I wouldn't have written all those books." For his first books were about Russia—but Russia lost, Russia never to be recaptured except on the page: they were an act of imaginative memory. And memory, in turn, became the theme of his greatest novels: *The Gift*, *Lolita*, *Pnin*, *Pale Fire*.

These have been dismissed by some critics as narcissistic, art-for-art, "novels about writing a novel." As bare description, "novels about writing a novel" is accurate enough—if we mean by it that Nabokov wrote about the mind as creative and destructive agent, about the two or three or four different ways in which a single event might be recalled and (artistically or self-deceivingly) reshaped. Mr. Field doesn't dwell on this point here, but his book itself is (although rather too self-consciously) like one element in a Nabokov novel: Nabokov's narrators give us, through overheard conversations and "slips" of the pen, the fictional "objective fact" behind their fictions; here, by providing the scaffolding, the names-and-dates data, for what Nabokov transmuted into his art, Field does the same thing at one further remove.

But perhaps this book's greatest strength is its account of the Russian diaspora in Paris and Berlin. The émigré life that Nabokov described in his fiction and in his autobiography, *Speak, Memory*, was a world of his own. Mr. Field gives us back some of the outer, objective fact about that nation-without-a-country, whose stars included Nabokov, Khodasevich, Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff, Chagall. Although the Russian writers in exile were deprived of virtually all their natural audience, there were for a time more Russian books being printed in Berlin than in Petrograd or Moscow. Within this world, there were the usual literary jealousies; one of these ended in Nabokov's challenging his antagonist to a duel (the challenge was not accepted). There was the tension of Red *v.* White; the Soviets had planted spies and *agents provocateurs* in the emigration. There were also acts of generosity and grace. I especially treasure the note that Rachmaninoff sent to Nabokov, whom he had never met: "Only today, May 28, did I learn of your letter to L. L'vov of May 10 in which your two words 'ghastly destitution' stunned me. I am sending you 2,500 francs by telegram, which you may repay me when those words no longer apply. And if this should not be soon—though God grant that this is not the case—it doesn't matter. The mere thought that I have been able to help you in a moment of need is sufficient repayment." These people gave lessons and ran tea shops and drove taxicabs, marking time (as they believed or hoped) until they could go back to Russia; and meanwhile, as Nabokov put it, they "imitated in foreign cities a dead civilization, the remote, almost legendary, almost Sumerian mirages of St. Petersburg and Moscow, 1900-1916 (which, even then, in the Twenties and Thirties, sounded like 1916-1900 B.C.)."



BUT FINALLY Hitler—and time—accomplished what Lenin alone could not: the end of pre-Soviet Russian literature. Even the writers who, like Nabokov, made it safely to America were scattered throughout the country and never again formed a solid community. And so Nabokov found himself, at age forty, faced with two alternatives: cease writing, or write in English. He made his choice, though not without pain: "I am too old to change conradically," he once wrote to an old friend. ". . . It's as though I created the person who composed *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* and the poems in *The New Yorker* and all the rest, but it's not I who am creating . . ." In some ways, though, the change was not as drastic as it might seem. Nabokov had spoken English from childhood; in fact he got his first tutor at the age of six, when his father—on one of his rare visits to the family's country house during the turbulent summer of 1905—discovered that he could read and write English but not Russian. And, as Mr. Field pointed out tour-de-forcically in his earlier book *Nabokov: His Life in Art*, Nabokov was in a sense always an American writer, for an American writer might be defined as one who is almost but not quite English (just as, one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might add, Russia and America are both almost, but not quite, European).

As Field was working on this book, he told Nabokov he "had but one request: I wanted my subject to try very hard to imagine a biography which was not written by himself. 'That's a tall order [Nabokov replied], but I will try I will try. Yes, yes. But just let it be in my lifetime!'" And so it was: this book was completed just before Nabokov died, at the age of 78, having written 17 novels and countless poems and stories in two languages, both, finally, his own. □

Apprentice to Genius: Years with Frank Lloyd Wright
By Edgar Tafel
McGraw-Hill, 228 pp., $19.95

MISSION TO THE WORLD

SELDEN RODMAN

The title of this book is apt. If genius is defined as talent so transcendent that it leaves nothing in its field of activity unchanged, at home or abroad, then the only three American artists to whom the term can be properly applied are Walt Whitman, Eugene O'Neill, and Frank Lloyd Wright. And since architecture, unlike poetry or drama, affects all of us, altering the physical environment itself, Wright's claim is the greatest. With an ego at least as overblown as the two writers', Wright had a more enduring sense of mission. He never gave up expecting that his art would change the world. And, like the world's great religious leaders, Wright collected around him disciples to carry his mission into the future.

I had seen these disciples myself, first at Taliesin in 1932, then at Taliesin West 25 years later, and finally at the Hotel Plaza, when the 89-year-old architect was still fighting the Establishment over his "outrageous" Guggenheim Museum and I was provoking his final sparks of wit and wisdom for the double interview with Philip Johnson in *Conversations with Artists*. I had observed that these disciples were of two sorts: those who slavishly carried out

the Master's dictates, the errand boys of genius; and those who clung desperately to their identities, waiting to be fired when Wright became irritated enough with their insubordination.

Edgar Tafel—whom I did not encounter in either Wisconsin, Arizona, or New York—was one of these disciples. In the commune, he seems to have walked a tightrope, serving the Master out of love and genuine respect rather than from fear. He bore no grudge when the inevitable confrontation came—after ten years of apprenticeship—so that he and Wright could (and did) remain friends till the end. This makes Tafel the ideal witness of the glory years, the perfect witness: objective, but not *so* objective as to miss the point.

The point is, of course, that Wright's genius *did* transform the world. (Not always in ways he would have approved, for surely he would have detested the split-level "ranch house" with its "picture windows," fluid interior space, and "prefabricated" modules, now the staple of the suburban sprawl from the Berlin Wall to the San Andreas Fault.) He lived to condemn the "typical" business complexes that mushroomed in the wake of such revolutionary structures as the Larkin Building in Buffalo, the Johnson Wax headquarters in Racine, and the Price Tower in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. The *first* "glory years"—around the turn of the century, when Wright designed the great series of Prairie Houses for Chicago millionaires, thereby triggering the revolution in European architecture which acknowledged his mastery when he had been virtually forgotten at home—came long before Tafel's apprenticeship. Nevertheless, Wright took the time to drive his boys to all the memorable sites from coast to coast, so this phase is almost as well covered in Tafel's memoir.

Apprentice to Genius is far from definitive, either architecturally or biographically. Tafel refers to few other sources, apparently not being familiar with them. Several periods—Wright's journeys to Mexico, for example, which he visited with Juan O'Gorman; or the months in Europe, whither he fled with another man's wife, one of the turning points of his life—are voids. The influences of Japanese and Mayan styles on Wright's mature work are barely touched upon, and certainly not traced to their origins. The evolution of the Guggenheim Museum, and Wright's contempt for the art it was designed to house, is skirted over in a few sentences. Nevertheless, none of the dozens of books and articles that have appeared on Wright since his death in 1959 gives anything like so intimate, revealing, and sympathetic an account of what made Wright the great artist he was. Every biographer from now on will draw on this book as a major source. And it is hard to imagine a book better illustrated, with photographs of all the important buildings and of the great man himself (he loved to pose even at play, well aware that his physiognomy was as impressive as his masterpieces).

IT IS SAD to think that this is a saga never to be repeated. Born just after the Civil War and spanning half of our history, Wright was a product of a way of life almost forgotten. He grew up in a family where "greatness" was commonly discussed. He learned by doing. He was ruggedly individualistic, nonconformist, optimistic, eccentric, authoritarian in the best sense. Tafel brings out the contradictions very well indeed. Wright, treasuring originality and daring, hated apprentices who imitated him; but he brooked no opposition. "He always felt he was right, yet he always changed everything." His passion for things organic, rooted in the soil and following the contours of the land, was Jeffersonian, yet like Jefferson he was an aristocrat. "Nature . . . was what *he* wanted nature to do." Beauty "was not a matter of taste" to Wright. "It was neither relative nor subject to the fluctuations of history or culture. Beauty was everlasting, an absolute quality existing in a 'realm of essences.'" He hated the Renaissance. He hated paint. He regarded architecture as the "mother art" to which all the other arts must conform. He loved to swat flies, kill chickens, sharpen pencils, fire draftsmen, bale hay, pour concrete. He loved many women and most children, and was adored by both species. "The American house lies!" he announced, and then proceeded to knock the corners off the box, cre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ating the cantilever. But he wanted this revolution to go a step further: the house doesn't truly become a home until it is a work of art. *That* revolution still waits to be widely fulfilled. □

(Intolerable) MUSIC

BLUES, JEANS, AND ALL THAT DJAZZ

ALEKSANDR DIMOV

In Moscow in the early 1960s, the word *jazz* called up images of the terrifying commotion in a dining-car during a train wreck. Somewhere beyond the tables loaded with caviar and vodka a wounded old engine wailed in despair. Bowls of borshch bounced around; an empty glass began to shake; a drunkard reached for the salt and missed. In a crazy crescendo, shattered metal came pouring down on traveling salesmen and soused officers and their wives, till finally a swooning silence enveloped the scene. That's what jazz was to us.

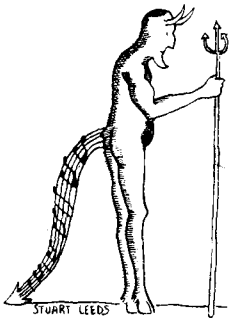
Jazz! It lived in murky dens and smoke-filled rooms, and came out late at night—now prancing on a bandstand in the park, now popping up in the middle of a dance. Sometimes it was like a fistfight, or like taking off with another man's wife. Jazz!

In those days not many devotees of the art could tell Dixieland from swing, or blues from spirituals. Jazz was whatever broke away from officially authorized music. Of course all of it was banned. When the first waves of rock reached us, people sold home-made records on the sly. You bought one and took it home, put it on top of a store-bought record (weighting it down to prevent sliding) and listened, though the sound was poor, to Bill Haley, or to the unforgettable Elvis—may his soul rest in peace—or to Paul Anka, the great favorite of all the girls in Moscow. Never will those singers know what delirious popularity they enjoyed in Russia.

The grabbag included Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, of course, alongside Doris Day, Mahalia Jackson, Ella Fitzgerald, and Errol Garner—all first-rate stuff. But when tape recorders appeared and young people began to listen more and more to Western radio stations, popular taste grew more sophisticated. The hard part was finding any sort of literature on jazz. Fortunately, as on so many other subjects, we could get magazines from Poland, which was a good deal more free. And then there was Willis Canover. We really counted on him, as a teacher, a father, a friend.

Late at night we tuned in to the Voice of America on short-wave and heard the deep voice of Willis. He would talk about jazz festivals and jam sessions, or tell us whom Dizzy Gillespie had been playing with over the weekend. But then, sometimes, we would have the humiliating, the infuriating experience of having settled on exactly the right wavelength, and listening to something really splendid—Ella Fitzgerald singing Cole Porter, say—only to lose the wavelength and not recover it again all evening. We would hit the radio and shake it, then beg and plead with it, to no avail.

To BEEF UP the power of a receiver was considered a political offense close to treason. And in one sense it was: when I look back on my generation, I see people who were totally different from the programmed breed who were the dream of the Party theoreticians. Music played an important role in immunizing us against the ugly falsehoods of everyday reality. Especially jazz. Little islands of illicit culture sprang up—a sort of internal emigration where nonconformity was the rule, providing a fourth dimension in which you could feel the winds of liberty blowing. It was impossible to turn back: one breath of freedom, and you could no longer survive in that lie-polluted atmosphere. The clampdown in Russia cannot last forever. Liberalization is an irreversible process.



That current of fresh air brought miracles of audio technique from Europe and even from legendary America. Prices skyrocketed. A modest album of Thelonius Monk cost from 20 to 30 rubles; a mono Grundig started at 350 rubles; for a used professional-quality Japanese pickup you needed at least 2,000 rubles. Remember that at that time an average monthly salary was only 80 or 100 rubles. Crude Soviet equipment wrecked the grooves of sensitive Western discs. To play Capitols or Blue Notes with a Soviet needle was nothing less than a crime.

Jazz enthusiasts fell mainly into three categories. First, there were the technocrats, who were clever at getting spare parts and equipment out of their laboratories and research institutes. They built terrific hi-fi systems in their own homes, complete with high-quality tape recorders and amplifiers.

The lucky people in the second category were more secretive and harder to approach. They drew fat salaries and were housed in immense apartments. Allowed to travel abroad, they came back with suitcases full of precious recordings. Their offspring would resell some of these, thus bringing new music into circulation. Occasionally you could borrow a record for a day or so and make several copies of it on tape.

The third group consisted of real fanatics and connoisseurs—the first- and second-generation jazz buffs who knew everything. They circulated photocopies of jazz encyclopedias. (There were only a handful of these, but they made the rounds of the whole city.) They dressed like jazz stars and talked in a special slang full of Russified English words like "girla," "jeansy," "peoply." They got together in each other's flats, or sometimes in a café, to listen to new records, exchange notes and notions, and decide what to buy or copy next.

Of all the forms of cultural Westernization, music was always the hardest for the government to control. It opened the door to a wealth of new things—unofficial literature, for instance. The black market for books flourished, and anyone lacking the time or opportunity to copy them out could listen to them being read on tape. Music demolished the wall of silence. A novel way of life took shape, somewhat artificial and even pathological, with elements of self-parody but also with overtones of unconscious protest.

Around 1964 a young man used to hang out at the Mayakovsky Square subway station. Everyone, including his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wife, called him Bill, though he was 100 per cent Russian. Nobody could recall his real name. Perhaps it was Ivanov. Whatever you wanted, Bill could get. Are you looking for a pair of Levis? Do you have 60 rubles to spend? (Those were the good old days. Jeans now cost 100 rubles and upwards.) You're not a cop? Okay. Within five minutes or so, you and Bill are entering a house of dubious repute in the Tverskaya-Yamskaya district. The entranceway is poorly lit. A drowsy-looking type opens the door and exchanges a few words with Bill. Presently you find yourself in a smoky room with *Playboy* pin-ups on the wall, and they hand you a pair of Levis. A bit worn, to be sure, but a perfect fit. How about a Manhattan shirt and some Philip Morrises while you're at it?

Bill spoke good English and a little Italian. He dealt with foreigners, and there were plenty of those in the city just then. Bored tourists in Moscow restaurants were easy to approach; you could practice your language on them and do a little business at the same time. This "parallel market" was born of plain curiosity and the urge to communicate with people from abroad. It has since grown into a business pure and simple—but one fraught with risk. The next time you go to that house with Bill, perhaps the drowsy type won't be there: he has been sentenced to three years for making contact with foreigners and for illegal trading.

It was the Beatles who dealt the death blow to jazz. Like the rest of the world, only a little later perhaps, Russia was seized with Beatlemania. The time was ripe for that sort of thing: people were listening to BBC and VOA; *samizdat* was in full flower; the Curtain might fall any day. The number of classical jazz fans diminished, but the black market in records continued to flourish. A new Beatles record cost 50 to 70 rubles. You could buy, resell, and buy more: the machinery worked.

Transistors accelerated the process. VOA, BBC, and the Germans retransmitted rock and jazz. Even though these programs all smacked of heavy-handed propaganda, people all over the country began to tune in and listen. Just a little over a year ago I was riding in an almost empty bus. The driver, a young man, had turned the radio on loud to hear VOA music, interspersed

with political news. Who would have dared to listen in public, ten years earlier, to that slanderous radio station? Unthinkable. But now, despite intimidation and threats, arrests and imprisonment, the music you hear coming from people's windows is not at all Soviet—except for occasional strains of Galich and Okudzhava. Jazz is what opened the way to semi-free listening to those essentially political stations.

Soviet jazz of the authorized variety has likewise undergone a change. At the beginning of the thaw, under Khrushchev, some of the jazzmen played quartets and quintets at night in the youth cafés, giving orthodox renditions of officially approved music. They improvised on old standbys; to calm people down and pacify the management, they played "nice" tunes during intermission. But often, after closing time, around 11 o'clock, friends and fans stayed on, and the real jazz got going.

That situation did not last long. A few Baltic concerts, an international festival in Poland, some jazz conferences, the short-lived broadcasting of a few favorites on the radio station "Youth"—and then the inevitable happened. Party-tolerated jazz went official, producing a hybrid, asexual music with a faint jazz flavor, a music that epitomized Soviet conformity. The same process, the same conversion that transformed Yevtushenko and Voznesensky, the firebrand poets, into docile occupants of swank apartments and dachas. In Russia, this caricature is what they refer to as the "authorized Left."

One black-and-white winter morning in the early 1970s, incredible posters appeared in Moscow, announcing the Oscar Peterson Trio. Nobody believed it. I already knew it would be practically impossible to get in, as it had been for Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington—the two major events in recent years. For Benny Goodman huge stadiums were filled to overflowing; the waiting lines stretched for miles. During intermissions, people called out the titles of the musical numbers in English. I remember an old lady sitting behind me who got so excited that she started to hit me with her umbrella. She yelled at the orchestra to play "Two O'Clock Jump." I was unable to get a ticket for Duke Ellington. And now Peterson was coming. I tried everything I could think of—friends and contacts, pleas and promises, money. But I did not get to hear him, and neither did anyone else. Oscar Peterson came to Moscow, but he turned right around and left. The reason, I was told, was that the room they gave him was in the cheapest and filthiest hotel in town, full of people from the Caucasus. A question of color, as it were. The posters remained on the walls for a long time, slowly fading in the weather.

Muscovite jazz slang faded, too, degenerating into business jargon or mixing with the shop talk of professional musicians. It became a code language for big-city youth. The music grew vulgar; jazz gave way to pop rock, tape recorders to cassettes. No longer could you find Bill at Mayakovsky Square. Rumor has it that he does not listen to jazz any more. He works in design. But the provinces have plenty of knowledgeable fans: young people come rushing up to Moscow to sink their savings into the latest-model Philips: they write letters to Bill McGuire at VOA, asking him to put their favorite numbers on the air. This is the anti-culture, an anti-world proceeding from anti-matter, where *Homo sovieticus*, builder of Communism, evolves into a split personality.

One of the strangest places in which I ever ran across jazz was the notorious Lefortovo Prison. After spending a while, quite against my will, in an investigator's office, I suddenly noticed that a good third of the room was filled with stacks of records piled up on the floor. In one corner stood an RCA stereo set. I asked the officer about that, and he replied that any questions asked in that room would be asked by him, not me. But when the interrogation was over he mellowed for some mysterious reason, and he told me that the KGB had "liquidated" some confiscated goods. At legal prices, of course. That meant that the disc "Yusef Lateef Plays for Lovers," which I noticed on top of one of the piles, and for which I had had to pay 50 rubles, had cost this important person only 1 ruble and 45 kopeks. In Russia, there are many different ways of becoming a record collector. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The GIMLET EYE

MINOR LEAGUE BALL

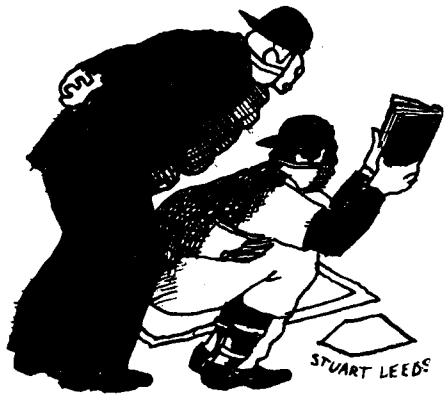
D. KEITH MANO

Gerry Pirtle has a slow beer. You don't chug it down after eleven and one-half seasons of minor league ball: you confide in a beer; you bargain with it. Might be this Miller High Life is the last: last, anyway, in a pro baseball locker room —that special, set-apart, male place. I check it out. The other Red Wings seem to be breaking from a phys. ed. class: some still have obstreperous acne; cigarettes held kid-furtive behind one thigh. And I think: my time has come. The time when we realize that The Athlete—looked up to from above, large as a father image in dreams—that The Athlete is suddenly younger than we. I have known more congenial realizations: it is a rite of passage, but going the wrong way: like when you have your first adult molar taken out.

In Levis and neck towel and imprudent hopefulness, Pirtle is sloped back/against the clubhouse wall: an at-ease sort. Rich mustache tends to make his smile fire out: as from a thatched duckblind. Nude torso has no definitive tone: you couldn't judge, on sight, which arm has pitched the years away. But baseball is one sport without an off-field look: height or muscular insolence or cartilage-blurred nose. Pirtle will score $2,600 per month through a four-month season; then he may try winter ball again in Venezuela or Puerto Rico. He has had a shot: one competent ninety-day hitch with the Expos last year. But they cut him in spring training, and he had to fast-hustle this job with the Rochester team. Now, almost August, he's 1-9. At 31 Pirtle might be called a prospect. So might Harold Stassen be.

Silver Stadium is a trig widow's furnished room. Capacity 14,000: six-fourteenths full tonight. Well lit: you could read boxscore type in centerfield. Billboards are gossipy: like an ad section of some small-town sheet. The neighborhood around is in its uncomely senescence: that statement, though, will hold for most pre-1940 stadia: people, after all, are more mobile than ballparks. And Rochester (the Triple A farmclub for Baltimore) is a solid baseball area. More season boxes sold here (at $139.50 per seat) than in any other minor league franchise. The fans are sharp: they know hit-and-run from an accident. Very white: middle-class: each with his name painted, white also (over red) on the box rail. A piece of concrete vacation real estate. Kodak, Xerox people: Rochester is the capital of image reproduction: smile.

Bowlers' night: there have to be, oh—I'll give a ballpark figure—five hundred of them here. Between the two seven-inning games every sixth person in Monroe County is presented, thanked, honored, retired; made to stand up and wave. While a six-foot-tall rooster—hatchling of the San Diego chicken—does anthropomorphic things. Inside, basted with sweat and ego, is Jay Levine: a man who would book his own public execution: ONE APPEARANCE ONLY. Minor league ball must be promoted; it's a much better tax loss than ptarmigan breeding. Since TV, the alphabet has been abridged: no class B, C, D leagues now: just AAA, AA, A. "Tickets are so much paper to us," Bob Gone,



the Rochester PR man, will tell me. "Tonight, for instance. The bowling people agreed to buy a certain amount of advertising. In return we give them tickets. That way we put people in the park and get a percentage of the concession sale. This has been a tough year. We're in last place." And the PA system flaunts a challenge: "If Rochester doesn't win both games of this doubleheader, everyone here will be allowed in free tomorrow."

Both: both against Columbus (the Yankee Triple A club). Give me six divisions of yak cavalry plus one large prayerwheel, and Tibet over Mainland China is a more certain bet. Columbus has the best won-lost record (61-26) in *all* of pro baseball. Their pitching rotation—Mirabella, Righetti, Kammeyer—is phee-nomenal. Columbus, I think, could enter the American League and not finish dead last. And that will draw fans: play at Silver Stadium is just a bad hop or two away from the majors.

THE FIELDING is confident. The pitchers are more than that: Quadruple A. (Rochester will split: 4-0, 0-6.) A minor league manager can come down with organizational schizophrenia: be good, but not *too* good. A .350 hitter, a 1.50 ERA pitcher presses the automatic button: UP. Develop enough stars and you'll finish last: half a team gone to Baltimore or New York. Then there are the comers who have never quite come. This afternoon Rochester bought three from a defunct minor league: men of 28 or 29 who play fine Triple A ball; who can keep a last-place hometown from complete demoralization. Men like Gerry Pirtle.

Who still hasn't finished that first-paragraph beer. One of his two small sons will duck under an arm: cordoned off by fatherhood. I ask, for maybe the third time, about an after-baseball career. But Pirtle is blocked here: somehow his mind won't examine a future beyond the 410 sign in centerfield.

"Baseball's been my life since I was five years old. My wife and me, we've been married 12 years. We've had our troubles, the game has done that. They treat us like cattle. There's no seniority pay. Biggest raise I ever got was fifty or a hundred a month. But now the family travels with me. No, I don't have a great fastball. But I have control; I'm a thinking pitcher. And I take it day by day. Like, when I was 0-9, I didn't break lockers the way some young kid might. I just want to keep playing. That's all."

It is understood between us. Gerry Pirtle has a wrong-way rite of passage coming, too. But not yet; not quite. He has eased away from the wall. A smile fires from its sniper hole. I don't worry. Like the man said, he has control. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MARTIN HEIDEGGER, *by George Steiner (Viking, 173 pp., $10.95).* Timon of Phlius called Heraclitus "riddler," and Heidegger, admirer of the Pre-Socratics, deserves a similar epithet for language that obscures yet somehow moves, inspires—and confounds. Happily, in this admirable intro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duction to the philosopher, Steiner writes in a style that is clear, yet manages to capture the élan of Heidegger's foreboding *Works*. Divided into three chapters, the book consists of 1) a terminological tour of Heidegger's language; 2) an exploration of *Being and Time*; and 3) an investigation of Heidegger's later career, including an assessment of his political link with the Nazis. Heidegger sought a "retrieve" of Being, and demanded a "clearing" and "listening," spurred by an "astonishment" at the "being of Being." The history of philosophy, he thought, is a predaceous attempt to wrest Being from beings, to utilize Being without waiting for that which is most near, yet hidden, to reveal itself. The immediacy of Being has been obscured by misspent language; language which represents but does not reveal Being. Steiner calls *Being and Time* a "meandering, self-subverting, often provisional edifice, though on a monumental scale and shot through with inspiration." Its "strategy is one of 'towardness,' of a journey which is only at its start." Is this Being God? No such confirmation emerges from Heidegger, the author rightly notes; yet Steiner finds that "God" almost invariably can be substituted for "Being" (*Sein*). Finally, Steiner partially acquits Heidegger of Nazi activities, though he is disturbed by Heidegger's reluctance to condemn the atrocities of the Third Reich. Steiner combines exposition with criticism, empathy with grace of style.

JOSEPH PAPPIN III

GOVERNMENT AND THE CORPORATION, *by Ralph K. Winter (American Enterprise Institute, 73 pp., $2.75)*. This slim softcover shapes up as the latest entry in the emergent intellectual revisionism which is busy dismantling the superstructure of the Berle-Means-Nader buncombe, an arteriosclerotic ideology which has not had a new idea in forty years and is therefore especially vulnerable to light and lively thrusts of this kind. The author, Townsend Professor at the Yale Law School, combines protean federalism and marketplace economics to contradict the root heresy of the corporation as licensee, and to eviscerate the notion that benefits will flow from federalization and social controls. In the process Winter attacks many matters of conventional wisdom and *en passant* makes some delicious polemical points. The book is a splendid riposte to the current round of fashionable anti-corporate cant. Winter makes his case stylishly, blending wit and malice, as in his comment on Ralph Nader's alleged concern for corporate shareholders: "Such 'reformers' can be expected to protect shareholders as foxes protect chickens."

GERALD T. DUNNE

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

GIVEN THE inherent complexity of the issues, the technical jargon in which they are couched, and the deliberate obscurantism of some of those engaged in the discussion, it is hardly surprising that most Americans have only a vague idea of what the battle over SALT is all about.

A sovereign remedy for these ills, however, is now at hand. Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham's *Shall America Be Defended? SALT II and Beyond* (Arlington House, $10.95) ranks among the best of several excellent books that have recently appeared on the subject of disarmament in general, the SALT agreements in particular. The author, former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency, exhibits a complete familiarity with the technical and military aspects of his subject, but writes in direct, colloquial English that makes his meaning pellucidly clear.

Even more to the point, he grasps the essentials of the SALT debate with a firmness seldom shown by other commentators. The SALT agreements, he reveals, are part of a long-term process of unilateral restraint imposed on the United States by a tiny band of theorists operating on assumptions that would scandalize the American public were they more generally known. These assumptions, which go by the name of "Mutual Assured Destruction" (MAD), dominate our current policy on arms control.

The basic idea of MAD is that it is good for the civilian population of the United States to be left exposed to nuclear blitzkrieg, since this assures the Kremlin that we aren't secretly planning Armageddon. By the same token, it is also considered good that Soviet offensive weapons be made invulnerable to our attack. It has been in obedience to such surrealistic notions, the author shows, that we have refused to develop antimissile defenses, dismantled air defenses, and failed to deploy a program of civil defense. At the same time, we have deliberately introduced limitations and imperfections into our weapons, making them both less powerful and less accurate than they otherwise might be, so that we are now incapable of knocking out Soviet offensive missiles.

All of this bizarre behavior, demonstrates Graham, is based on the professed belief that the Soviets will mellow, match our policy of renunciation, and further "stabilize" the nuclear balance. It hasn't worked that way. The Soviets are perfectly willing to sign agreements under which we find ourselves unable to exploit our superior technology, while they press forward for every benefit they can obtain. SALT II would lock in place the Communist advantage resulting from this procedure. That is why, in General Graham's view, this treaty ought to be defeated. If enough Americans read this incisive book, it will be.

THAT THE Communists haven't mellowed in the slightest, even in the citadels of "polycentrism," is one of the messages of Juliana Geran Pilon's *Notes from the Other Side of Night* (Regnery/Gateway, 120 W. LaSalle St., South Bend, Ind. 46624; $8.95). Mrs. Pilon, whose family emigrated from Communist Rumania when she was a child, recounts the story of her return to her native land in 1975. Her observations form a grim indictment of this Communist state, the drab, fear-ridden existence of its inhabitants, the poverty and repression that are endemic to the system. Yet despite all this, she shows, the embers of hope, compassion, and religious faith somehow survive beneath the suffocating mantle of totalitarianism.

Almost as important as what she has to tell us is the phenomenon of Mrs. Pilon herself, who alternately displays the gifts of poet, philosopher, and experienced political observer. Among its other revelations, *Notes from the Other Side of Night* marks the unveiling of an impressive writing talent. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Employment Opportunities

FEMALE RADIOLOGICAL TECHNOLOGIST for radiologist's private office. Outstanding benefits. TV remote equipment. 171 Beaver Lane, Charlotte Harbor, Fla. 33950.

RESUMES—A complete guide with instructions and examples. $2.95. Informax, Box 8486, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

NATIONAL REVIEW NEEDS a permanent part-time, accurate typist/file-clerk. 8-10 hours/week, schedule negotiable. Write Box 3212, National Review, 150 E. 35 St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

For Sale

14KT. GOLD CHAINS, Wholesale. Direct from the importer to you. Resell Jewelry, earn extra money. Send 25¢ for latest color catalogue. UNIVERSAL MARKETING, Dept. E, P.O. Box 10900, Houston, Texas 77018.

EXCELLENT INFLATION HEDGE: 36 first-edition, hallmarked, proof-quality, Presidential, 5,000-grain ingots, 999+. Send offer c/o NR Box 3211.

LUGGAGE TAGS: Your business cards laminated into permanent luggage tags. Send 2 cards for each tag. $2.50 each, 2 for $4.50, 3 for $6.00. Chestnut Products, 6 Bacon Court, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

FINE WALKING STICKS AND CANES. Free color brochure, Marchele Co., Dept. RVB, 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10040.

VIDEO TAPES, 30 minutes; Color, Beta, or VHS. Learn at home. Many subjects from gourmet cooking to belly dancing. $49.95 each. Profile Ltd., 4121 Vantage Ave., Studio City, Calif. 91604. Dept. N.

HISTORIC NEWSPAPERS. Original issues, 1662-1945. Send $1.00 for catalogue, refundable with order. Mitchell, 4800 Martin St., Alexandria, Va. 22312.

Vacation

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102; Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

IDEAL VACATION for City-tired people: 250 acres of unspoiled nature in the Catskills, (area of Margaretville) own trout-stream (1 mile) efficiency accommodations, large swimming pool, no telephone or TV in rooms. Information/reservations: 212-224-3815 or 914-586-4482.

Situations Wanted

EXPERIENCED CENTURION with Renaissance baggage has stacked arms and seeks apprenticeship in letters, communications, or liaison. Understands Goths and works well with elephants. Vigorous, educated, articulate, conservative, and well-traveled (crossed Rubicon several times). Possesses extraordinary presence, uncommon sense, initiative, and other substantive qualities. Write NR Box 3219.

NR-READING LEGAL SECRETARY would like to work for NR-reading boss. NYC area. Write NR Box 3220.

COMPETENT, CREATIVE WOMAN, 40, needs fulfilling job. Former educator, writer, political staffer, located in St. Louis. Outstanding references, resume. NR Box 3221.

GIFTED CONSERVATIVE JOURNALIST available on full or part-time basis to major/minor candidates. Position papers, speeches, you-name-it. Write NR Box 3222.

JOURNALISM PROFESSOR, 15½ years' media experience, 12 years teaching, M.A., Catholic, "let go" at Oral Roberts University, available now, industry or visiting faculty. J. F. Foltz, T.O.C.D., 1438 S. Newport, Tulsa, Okla. 74120.

NEED A RIGHT-HAND MAN you can trust? Reliable Air Force Admin. Officer, 30, BA/MA+, impeccable credentials, AF Academy English instructor, seeks unique position as civilian Aide-de-Camp/Executive Officer. Will relocate, travel frequently. Box 9103, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80932.

Real Estate

INTERESTED IN NEVADA PROPERTY for legal reasons? Beautiful unimproved Lake Topaz waterfront lot offered for $25,000. Building moratorium insures no maintenance, low taxes. Write owner: Box 4, Minden, Nev. 89423.

REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS in the '80s. $2.50. C & A Research Reports, P.O. Box 83, Baldwin, Mo. 21013.

FLORIDA. Community development near Ocala. Lot 80 x 125 on green belt near golf course, $6,795. Larger lot also available, $10,300. Write DJL, P.O. Box 1054, Flint, Mich. 48503.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

GENTLEMAN, 70, but feels 20 years younger, interested in politics, travel, sports. Recently moved to Ft. Lauderdale and is lonely. Seeks to correspond with and perhaps meet a lady with similar interests. Write NR Box 3217.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

Investment Opportunities

VALUABLE NEW BOOK, The Lazy Investor's Way to Beat Inflation, shows how to get high long-term returns with minimal risk and effort. Guaranteed. $10. Thurman Smith, 213 Commonwealth Ave., Room 1A, Boston, Mass. 02116.

Literary

PEN TO PRESS—Writing, editing, typesetting, publishing, circulation management, mailing. Reformation Educational Foundation, NR Box 3213.

BOOK SEARCHING. All subjects. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

Music

MAGIC OF MOZART—14 selections only $1.98. Free Classical/Jazz catalogue. Musical Concepts, Box 53NR, Cedarhurst, N.Y. 11516.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

FOUR FOR THE CORPS—Sheet music for the (Marine Corps guard company) Blues-Rock Hit. Piano-vocal arrangement includes guitar chords. Mail $1.50 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to: Circle H Music, P.O. Box 227, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

Gourmet

DELIGHT AND ENTERTAIN YOUR FRIENDS with Dandelion Wine. Recipe $2.00 and S.A.S.E.: Box 1581, Kingston, N.Y. 12401.

THREE OLD SOUTHERN RECIPES enjoyed by family for generations. Virginia Peanut Soup. Sweet Potato Pudding. True Southern Fried Chicken. Send $2.00, S.A.S.E., to AMB, 3900 Faculty Drive, Lynchburg, Va. 24501.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 90¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $2.00 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Director, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

MARGARET FISHBACK:

Silence is Olden

There's background music in the air—/ You can't escape it anywhere./ The supermarket, dentist, too,/ Are out to pipe it into you./ A third of all the U.S.A./ Has got to hear canned tunes today./ . . . Won't some philanthropist arrange/ To pipe in silence for a change? (From the book *The Light Touch*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO-SALT LOW CHOLESTEROL CAK'S. $2.00, S.A.S.E. H & R Publications, P.O. ox 2014, Flushing, N.Y. 11352.

POOR MAN'S QUICHE—delectable g· plant appetizer entree. $1.00, S.A E. Simba's Kitchen, NR Box 3223.

SEAFOOD GUMBO RECIPE. $2.00. PS R, Box 144, Starkville, Miss. 39759.

TWO DOZEN ZUCCHINI recipes. $2.00 nd large S.A.S.E. to: Recipes, 407 West Loc st, Centralia, Wash. 98531.

ROYAL HAWAIIAN AMBROSIA—fit fo a king! Send $1.00 S.A.S.E. to: Annie's Pan ry, P.O. Box 1. Wayne, Mich. 48184.

DELICIOUS WINE CAKE: quick, easy, inexpensive, S.A.S.E. and $1.00 to: Conte ed Tummy, 459 Magellan, San Francisco, C lif. 94116.

KOLACZ—Polish cheese bread. Old fa ily recipe. S.A.S.E. and $1.00 to: Busia, 375 So. Broken Arrow Road, El Rancho, Colo. 80 01.

10 CARIBBEAN RECIPES you can m ke here! Soups, entrees, desserts. Handy b ok-let. $2.00. ReBiKo Info, Box 8434-R, Atla ta, Ga. 30306.

Miscellaneous

CANCER, HEART TROUBLE, diabetes, or hazardous occupation, prevent you om purchasing life insurance? Write us for ee quote. Wiig-Codr Underwriters Comp ny, 812 South 42nd St., Omaha, Neb. 681 5.

SALT, DETENTE, related military ma ers (U.S., NATO, USSR). Over 650 U.S. n ws-paper and magazine clippings, 1975 to p es-ent. $2 to $3 per clipping, or best offe for complete collection. MEGAFAX, Dept. fX,. P.O. Box 232, Harrison, N.Y. 10528.

PUZZLE FANS: For BINGO word list s nd $2.50 and S.A.S.E. to Jansens, Box 10 57, Edgemont, Golden, Colo. 80401.

POETIC LICENSES. $3. Free Soul, 400 M ay-ten, Fremont, Calif. 94538. Legitimate.

NEW SOFT-SHOE APPROACH to tap d nc-ing. Develop coordination. Improve con en-tration. Package includes jazz rhythm a alysis, terminology, practice procedure, a ult beginners' dance, professionally sty ed. $10.00. K. Kavanagh, P.O. Box 826, C ro-nado, Calif. 92118.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED. Le ny Cook's predictions published bi-mon ly. $6.00 yearly. A Christian outlook—99 9% accurate. Summer is Nigh, P.O. Box 1 56, Lenoir, N.C. 28645.

HOUSEBREAK YOUR NEW PUPPY or ki en. Twenty years' experience. Send $5.00 for training manual. Please specify dog or at. Write NR Box 3214.

COACHELLA VALLEY CONDO OWNE S—Best deal on custom draperies, shutters, etc. Twenty years' reliability. Free estimates. NELSHA'S DRAPERY, Palm Desert, Calif. 714-346-8651.

THINK AND GROW RICH. Practical sys em by N. Hill. Unlimited success. $3.00. K ys Dist., 30 Candlewood, Colonia, N.J. 0706 .

PENNSYLVANIA COUPLE seeks others who are interested in preparing for the inevit ble nuclear holocaust. We are preparing sur-vival building construction and seek oth rs to share costs, plans. Write NR Box 321 .

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 1086)

Carolina would only spend $90 million over the next five years on its traditionally black schools. But that figure, President Friday insisted to me, was compiled by surveying local citizens' groups and adding up their shopping lists. It had no relation to what the University needs, or what North Carolina's General Assembly would be willing to spend. Friday plopped a fat book on the table before me: *Survey Report/Condition of Physical Plant/All Buildings on Five Campuses/University of North Carolina*, Haskins and Rice, architects; Thomas and Olive, engineers. Opening to a random page, I found a discussion of bathrooms on the five formerly black campuses. The survey estimated renovation at $20 million, which has been duly requested. The date was August 1978. "They knew about this before they came," said Friday.

Chestertonian Point

The administrative proceedings, on which hang $89 million a year in federal aid, will occur in three stages. An administrative law judge reviews the case. A reviewing board of five, appointed by the Secretary of HEW, reviews the judge. If still disappointed, the parties can appeal to the Secretary. After HEW, there are the courts—Judge Dupree's first, unless the litigants in the original suit succeed in appealing to bring things back to Washington.

The key point in the University's defense is ultimately Burkean. President Friday defends their record as an example of "what can be achieved when people are left free to work." He resents Washington's refusing to "draw on the accumulated experience of people with something to share."

There is also the libertarian—or is it the Machiavellian?—point that where federal dollars come, federal control cannot be far behind. Washington holds a multimillion-dollar gun to the head of every state university system—of almost every private university, for that matter—guns cocked and aimed by the request of the universities themselves.

Finally, there is what we may call, so long as we're tossing big words around, the Chestertonian point—that people prefer to do things themselves and in their own way, especially if the things are worth doing. And since education is worth doing, it is possible that there would have been some black colleges, public and private, even without the compulsion of Jim Crow laws. In this respect, the University and HEW are united; both wish, in the University's words, to remove "racial self-consciousness" from North Carolina's higher education. But the University's approach, because it takes other factors into account (budgets, education, the character of the schools involved)—because it is more conservative—will give the parochial instincts more breathing space, until such time as they may naturally disappear. If HEW wins, the only noticeable effect of this suit brought by a black lobby will be the gradual elimination of five colleges mostly run and attended by blacks.

Until then, Joe Rauh rides through the still-segregated South, with his bronze black soldiers. □

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.

A tool for *clear thinking* as well as *convincing others*. ORDER NOW:

THE ART OF ARGUMENT, by Giles St. Aubyn $7.95 plus 95¢ handling 10-day Money-Back Guar.

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 400-D Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

Strike back!

With Howard's Angry Letterhead Kit.

Order yours today. Two each of seven letterheads with matching envelopes plus extra blank stationery to create your own. Strike back at faithless public servants with *Don't Tread on Me* (Congressional Roster included), tell a TV show what you think on *Television Critics of America*, tell how inflation is doing you in on the back of a *Fagin's Gruel* label. Feel like an underdog? Use our *Hello Goliath! David Here.* Women will love *To a male chauvinist.* And others.

Send $4.00 plus $1.00 for postage and handling to Angry, Howard Paper Mills Inc., 115 Columbia Street, P.O. Box 982, Dayton, Ohio 45401. Order today and be ready to vent your spleen. Beautifully.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Farewell to Chrysler

On The Right

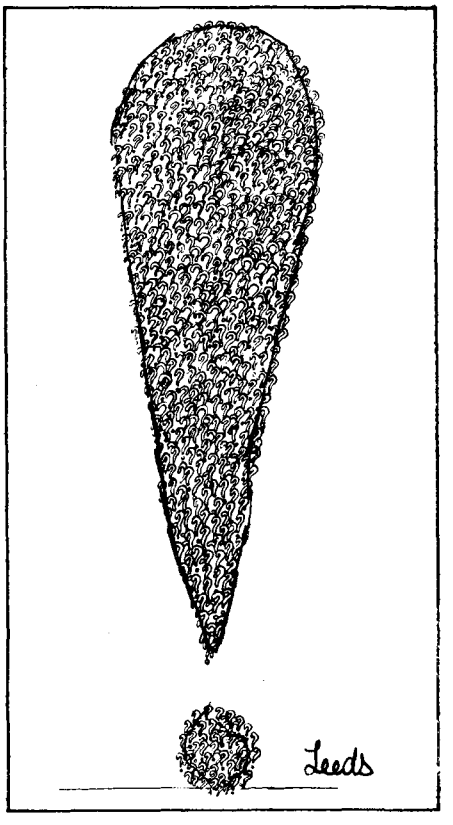
New York, Aug. 8—Concerning the pitch by Chrysler for $1 billion of federal money in the form of advances against tax credit, a few observations.

1. The answer by Congress should be: No. That answer issues from a principled commitment to the proposition that enterprises that fail to earn their way competitively should suffer the economic consequence.

2. In dealing with Chrysler's petition, conservatives have a much easier time of it than liberals, although a number of liberals go schizo on the subject. You see, Chrysler employs, in the U.S. alone, about 125,000 people. Advocates of aid to Chrysler will point out, with unassailable cogency, that it is a lot cheaper to lend Chrysler a billion dollars, even if you run the risk of never getting it back, than to accept the social and economic cost of dislocating 125,000 people. For one thing, you will, until they are relocated, lose the tax revenue of that many people. For another, you will burden state and welfare agencies with whatever the unemployment compensation and related costs involve. It is unlikely that less than $800 per employee would be spent, in tax losses and welfare payments, if Chrysler goes bankrupt. The trouble with this argument, however, is that if one were to apply it impartially, there would be lots of people busily engaged in manufacturing horse-drawn carriages.

3. The love of people runs into the hatred of business. Several years ago, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith came down in a hotel elevator having argued before a congressional committee against lending money to the Lockheed Corporation. In that elevator was none other than Barry Goldwater. It was as if the North Pole and the South Pole ran into each other crossing the street. Senator Goldwater turned to Professor Galbraith and congratulated him on testifying against Lockheed. It was an interesting ideological convergence. In 1949, both Vito Marcantonio and Robert Taft voted against NATO. Marcantonio because he was pro-Communist, Taft because he was isolationist. Goldwater believes that the market, not the legislature, should decide whether a corporation stays in business. When Galbraith prays (which is infrequently) it is that every corporation in America will go bankrupt, so that the legislature can nationalize the stamp collectors. The vote to bail out Lockheed was one of the closest in recent congressional history. The measure carried in the Senate 49 to 48, in the House 192 to 189. The Senate and the House were solidly under the control of the Democrats.

4. Having said this, one wonders wistfully whether America will ever attain sufficient political maturity to abolish the corporation tax. Yes—abolish it. It exists primarily for the administrative convenience of the Internal Revenue Service, and as an aphrodisiac for populists. Last year, U.S. corporations paid $60 billion in taxes, one-third of what was paid in personal income taxes. The ratio has not changed over the years. What would happen if you did away with the corporate tax? Learned papers have been written on the subject. You can find authority for the statement that two-thirds of the corporate tax is shouldered by consumers, one-third by shareholders—and authority for exactly the reverse. Compromise, and call it 50-50. But the benefit to the shareholders would be a one-time thing. If corporate taxes were abolished tomorrow and the value of common stock maintained the same price-earnings ratio, one could expect a 15 per cent rise in the value of common stock—more than 50 per cent of which, by the way, is owned by insurance and pension funds. That would be a windfall. But the other 50 per cent would pass directly to the consumer in the form of, in the instant case, lower prices for automobiles. And that 50 per cent would, in the second year, increase to 100 per cent, the increased value of common stock having assimilated the windfall. This would leave Chrysler (though it is probably too late now) with a competitive advantage, not now enjoyed, against foreign automobiles. Without the corporation tax there would be no premium on tax deductions. Nobody would need to worry about the three-martini lunch, because the cost of it would come directly from the shareholders. Increased spending would mean increased income would mean increased tax revenues. We pay a high price for our economic superstitions, and Chrysler will now be added to the list. □



KISSINGER TRANSLATED *New York*, Aug. 4—As expected, Henry Kissinger said some extremely interesting things when testifying to Congress on SALT II. The most interesting was the least remarked. "If the Administration is unable to put forward such a [rearmament] program to this session of Congress, I recommend that the Senate delay its advice and consent until a new military program has been submitted to and authorized by the next session of Congress."

The following idiomatic version of the above does not (repeat not) come to me from the mouth of Henry Kissinger. I venture it nonetheless:

Look, gang, the foreign policy of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States suffers from the accretions of the last few years. During that period, Congress took over substantial responsibility for foreign policy. It was Congress that kept us from enforcing the Paris Agreement on Indochina, Congress that forced us to give up on Angola, Congress that prevented us from helping out in Cambodia, and Congress that gutted the CIA. Specific legislation (e.g., the Case-Church amendment and the War Powers Act) limited presidential power in such a way as substantially to remove from the Executive the flexibility it once had.

The other accretion is Jimmy Carter. The original SALT treaty, for which I take principal responsibility, was forged on the understanding that it would proceed hand in hand with complementary action by the President and by Congress. The opportunities we had under SALT I we have simply failed to avail ourselves of under Carter I. We could have gone right into the B-1, into the deployment of the neutron bomb, into the stretched-out cruise missile, into a sophisticated Trident, into an MAPS system. What we have got, instead, is unilateral restraint by the U.S., and all-out exploitation by the Soviet Union of all allowable possibilities, on land, on sea, and in the air.

Now SALT II is basically objectionable for technical reasons, but what matters is not the language of the treaty but the question whether the United States will take advantage of such opportunities as we have whether or not we ratify SALT II. My own feeling is that this Congress, under this President, isn't going to take the action necessary to persuade the Soviet Union that SALT II isn't a waystation to unilateral American disarmament. If I'm wrong about that, nothing would please me more. Let Carter seriously propose such rearmament as is required, let Congress pass the legislation, and the relevant point will be made.

But you and I know this isn't going to happen. So that the real question is: Will there be a Carter II? It is highly unlikely, which is good news for the United States, and bad news for the Soviet Union. It follows that the line to take is: *delay*. That won't be hard to do. You people have enough senators who are lacking enthusiasm for SALT II as a discrete operation. SALT II accompanied by a vigorous exploitation of all the technological possibilities open to us is one thing. SALT II plus Carter is indigestible. SALT II plus Carter II and we may as well import Finns and ask them to teach us Finlandization.

So: You don't find me saying I'm *against* SALT II. Though it should have been improved, it isn't suicidal. If the United States is going down, it won't go down because of the language of any single treaty. It will go down because there isn't a will to survive. Who the people send to the Senate and to the House, and how they handle themselves while there, is more relevant to the country's future than the language of SALT. Who they send to the White House is critical. Take care of these problems, and SALT II and—of critical importance—SALT III come into proper focus. □

UNDERMINING SOUTH AFRICA

New York, Aug. 10—I like Jesse Jackson, but he does get carried away. Here he is in South Africa, protected by South African police, invited by South Africans to address white and black audiences, talking over the radio and television carried to the ends of the country by South African facilities—and he calls South Africa a "terrorist dictatorship." One is reminded of those years in the early Fifties when American liberals were solemnly declaring that Senator McCarthy had so terrified the country that no one dared to speak. One searched in vain for reports of the sudden death or disappearance of McCarthy's critics.

It is better to say about South Africa the truth, rather than the untruth. And to look for realistic, rather than unrealistic, solutions. South Africa is an unjust society. So was the society whose birth we celebrate every Fourth of July. Ours indeed was worse: we permitted outright slavery, and counted the Negro half a man for purposes of representation. Allard Lowenstein reminds us that whereas the world has a common chronological history, every society has its own history. We are as far advanced over South Africa in the matter of race relations as South Africa is advanced over the Central African Empire in human rights. To say that South Africa is a terrorist dictatorship is to undermine by exaggeration the awful truths about South Africa.

Something is going on there, and it is so good it would be tragic to derail it either by rhetorical exaggeration or by inept diplomacy. We are engaged in both.

It is unthinkable that ten years ago, or even five, Jesse Jackson should be invited to South Africa for the purpose of undermining social and legal arrangements there. Allard Lowenstein, for twenty years forbidden entry into South Africa in retaliation against his book about South West Africa, was invited there a year ago, was given the facilities of South African television and radio, and spoke the language of racial equality in accents appropriate to a rally of the Americans for Democratic Action, which he once headed. He has been invited back.

But surely the most spectacular symbol of what is going on are the first sentences in a guest column appearing on the *New York Times* Op-Ed page. Listen: "I do not need anyone from abroad reminding me that a society where any man, whatever his creed or color, is denied human rights, is an unjust one. I am fully aware of this, and so is my Government." That is by Pieter G. Koornhof, who is South Africa's Minister of Cooperation and Development, responsible for administering laws controlling blacks. Such humility, such a sense of guilt, has not been shown since the King of Nineveh rose up out of his throne and case away his robe and was clothed with sackcloth and ashes.

But Pieter Koornhof went on to make a workaday point. It was that equality of opportunity cannot be brought to South Africa by boycotting South African enterprise. He quoted Lincoln to the effect that the poor cannot be made rich by eliminating the rich. The point is highly relevant in a season when every college sophomore who whiffs idealism goes pot-valiantly to war against his college's economic portfolio if it includes a share of stock in a South African enterprise. But of graver strategic consequence is the unfolding drama to the north. Rhodesia having done exactly what it was told to do, the government of Mrs. Thatcher is permitting itself to be storm-tossed by the regional passions of countries that consider Lusaka a model city whence to pass judgment on the defects of neighboring constitutions. If the white minority in Rhodesia is not protected, the white minority in South Africa will go to hell before inaugurating anything like racial equality. If the black minority in America had not been protected by the Constitution, it would not now enjoy such freedoms as it has. In going from antecedent stage A to present stage B, the acquiescence of those who hold the power is conventionally required. Is the Nineteenth Amendment giving the vote to women illegitimate because only men voted for it?

Perhaps Mrs. Thatcher is about to bring off something adroit, and prudent. As things now stand, refusal to acknowledge true reform in Rhodesia is a body blow to right-minded South Africans. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An erythrocyte having no hemoglobin — 10 177 101 88 42

B. One who wants to improve the environment — 18 26 124 172 183 31 198 66 13

C. FORCE THE FORD — 25 12 45 36 58 51 65 135 80 99 / 184 71

D. An instrumental composition irregular in form and suggestive of improvisation — 41 14 128 33 87 2 109 143

E. A model city adjoining the center city — 97 40 47 108 139 123 17 186 167 34 / 54 111

F. A chief justice of the U. S. (1796-1800) — 104 159 187 119 169 15 90 35 200

G. Unscramble the left side of a boat and get part of Newfoundland — 107 149 112 16 160 155 46 76

H. That part of the law which can be found in thousands of books — 120 3 179 84 113 21 150 48 189

I. Where many suburbanites work — 1 7 100 20 49 53 134 181

J. A sirenian, as the manatee — 196 83 151 69 95 127 22

K. Familiar friends, neighbors, or relatives — 8 72 5 52

L. An ornate style of writing or speaking — 38 153 91 191 174 130 137 24

M. A street leading from Bishopsgate to the Bank of England — 57 98 142 166 9 29 96 126 138 144 / 154 168

N. A Dutch historian, poet, and playwright (1581-1647) — 63 110 180 102 156

O. A set of moral principles or values — 23 27 37 19 39

P. A drunken sailor — 78 81 70 28

Q. UNSHEET — 118 114 103 157 163 133 56

R. A Greek letter — 122 30 175 59

S. Where Limestone College is located — 132 164 73 185 105 67 146

T. Exaggerated — 148 129 121 141 193 43 106 82 85 115

U. What the well-dressed Swede might wear — 194 89 178 182 201 55 125 152 44 61

V. A type of practical (?) joke — 50 68 32 74 116 173 60

W. Brisk or rapid in tempo — 62 5 197 75 162 92 64

X. To refuse to consent to — 140 77 171 192

Y. Having good inherited characteristics — 158 136 165 190 131 93 199

Z. To counterfeit — 170 117 11 86 145 79 195

a. A town near Baltimore — 176 188 147 94 6 161

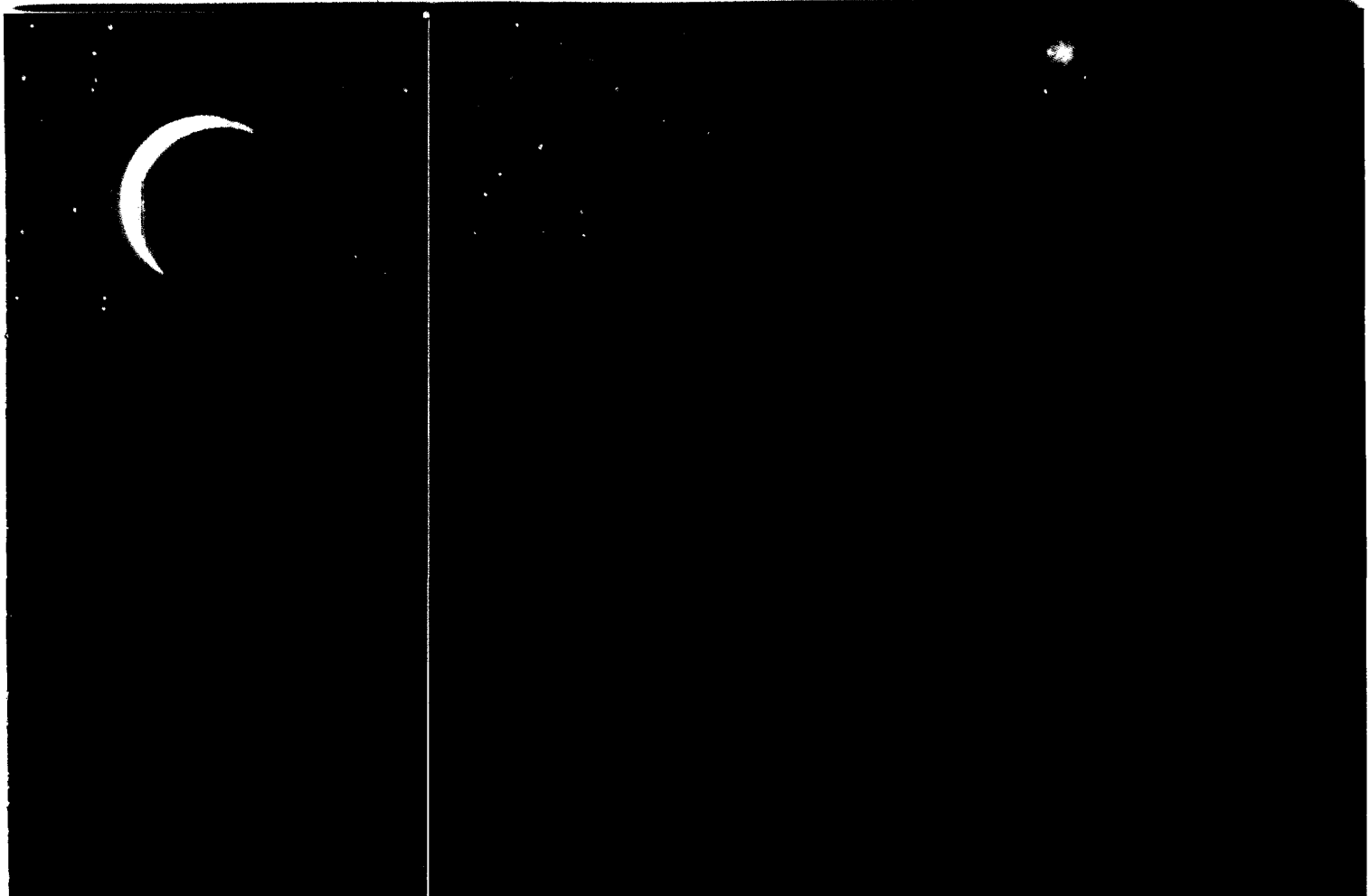
DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1110 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 D	3 H	4 K		5 W	6 a	7 I	8 K		9 M		10 A	11 Z	12 C	13 B		14 D	15 F
16 G	17 E	18 B		19 O	20 I		21 H	22 J	23 O		24 L	25 C	26 B	27 O	28 P		29 M	30 R
31 B	32 V		33 D	34 E	35 F		36 C	37 O	38 L		39 O	40 E	41 D	42 A		43 T	44 U	45 C
46 G	47 E	48 H		49 I	50 V	51 C		52 K	53 I	54 E	55 U	56 Q		57 M	58 C	59 R	60 V	61 U
	62 W		63 N	64 W	65 C	66 B	67 S		68 V	69 J		70 P		71 C	72 K	73 S	74 V	75 W
76 G	77 X	78 P	79 Z		80 C	81 P	82 T	83 J	84 H		85 T	86 Z	87 D		88 A	89 U	90 F	91 L
92 W	93 Y	94 a	95 J	96 M	97 E		98 M	99 C	100I		101A	102N	103Q	104 F	105S		106T	107G
108E		109D	110N	111E	112G	113H	114Q		115T	116V	117Z	118Q	119F		120H	121T		122R
123E		124B	125U	126M		127J	128D	129T	130L	131Y	132S	133Q		134I	135C		136Y	137L
138M		139E	140X	141T	142M	143D		144M	145Z	146S		147a	148T	149G	150H		151J	152U
153L	154M	155G		156N	157Q	158Y		159F	160G	161a	162W	163Q	164S	165Y	166M		167E	168M
	169F	170Z	171X	172B	173V	174L	175R		176a	177A	178U		179H	180N	181I	182U	183B	184C
185S	186E	187F		188a	189H	190Y	191L	192X	193T	194U	195Z		196J	197W	198B	199Y	200F	201U

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MILLIKEN MAKES THE SCENE.

CELESTRA The scene is celestial. The carpet is Celestra. The extra-terrestrial blue you see here is just one of 18 shades in the heavenly Celestra palette.

The carpet's tone-on-tone shading makes it look as if dappled by moonlight.

And that's by design. Milliken carefully created this effect with the help of our Millitron™. We wanted something that would add to your decorating options. And make color coordination easier.

Celestra does. It also has some very down-to-earth qualities. Its durable Antron® III Nylon fiber resists dirt. And static.

Which means you can safely create a celestial mood for any room in your house. Start now by contacting your Milliken dealer.

And remember: whenever there's a new scene to be made, you can bet it will be based on Milliken.

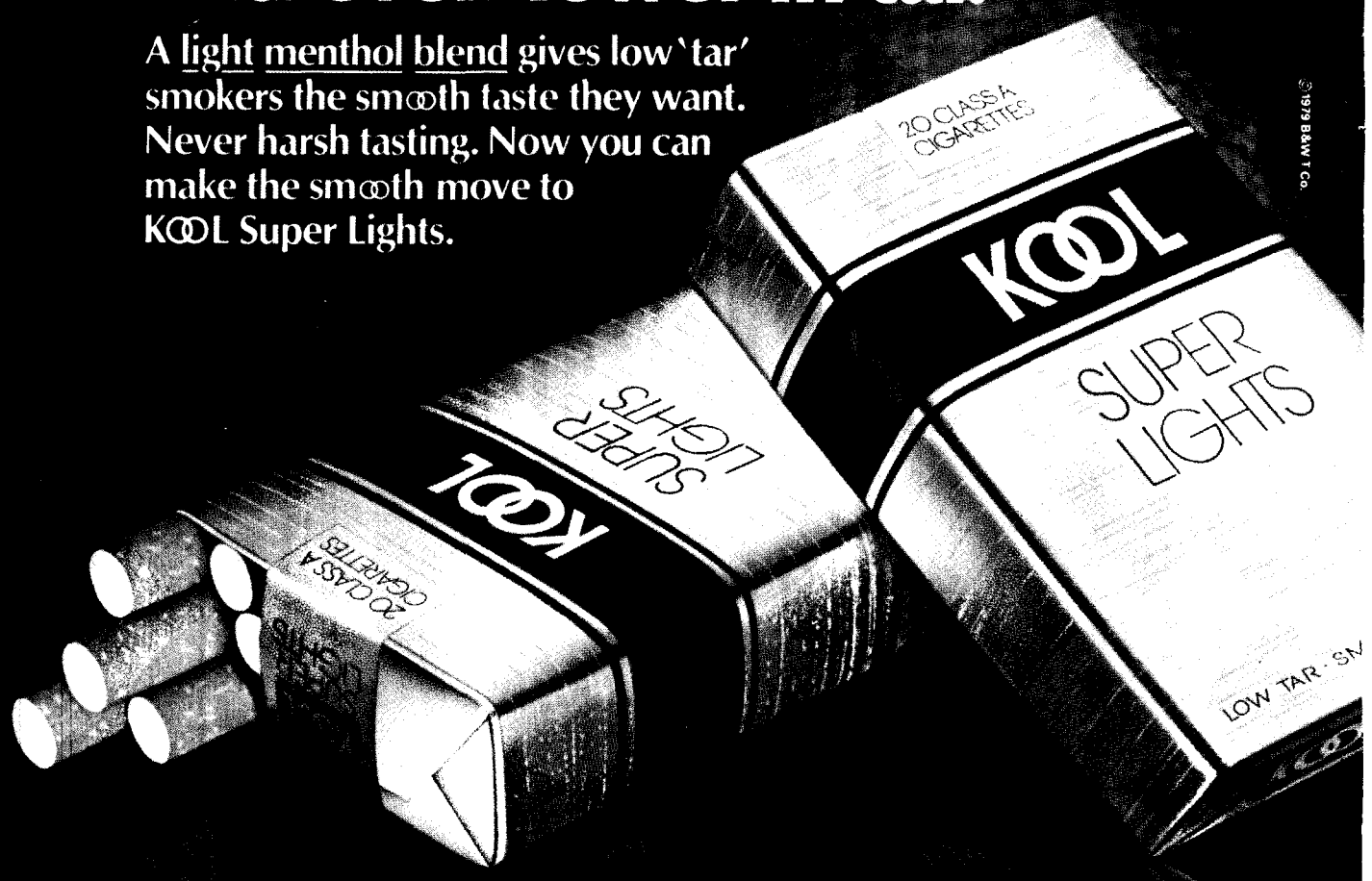
MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

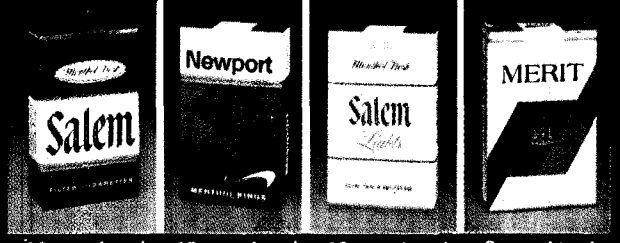
KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Now smooth gets smoother and even lower in 'tar.'

A light menthol blend gives low 'tar' smokers the smooth taste they want. Never harsh tasting. Now you can make the smooth move to KOOL Super Lights.



At only 7 mg. 'tar,' it's lower than all these.



16 mg. 'tar' 18 mg. 'tar' 10 mg. 'tar' 8 mg. 'tar'

7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED